

"COULD BE WORSE," THE COP SAID.  
"YOU COULD BE BLACK."

AN EYE-OPENING  
BY JIMMY KATZ

# Esquire

APRIL 1999

# Drew

Carey's Dirty Secret\*

93

THINGS  
A MAN  
SHOULD  
KNOW  
ABOUT  
MONEY

10 THINGS YOU CAN'T SAY ABOUT THE MOVIES  
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
IMPEACH JESSE VENTURA! A RUSH TO JUDGMENT

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For Mr. Blass.



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some trendy Hollywood-looking guy is telling me to have a good day  
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collar and make sure to limit my intake of natural bulk food.  
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Thank you! And Mr. Blass, [andrblass@billsdesigns.com](mailto:andrblass@billsdesigns.com)

  
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**Esquire**

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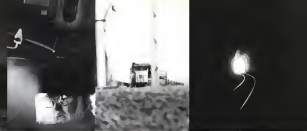
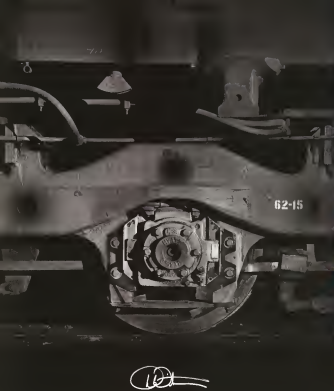
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ON THE COVER: Photographed exclusively for Esquire by Sam Jones. Produced by Andy Lewis. Styling by Adriana Herrera. Dressing by Sylvia Vilar for Christian Woot Jacket (2015) and custom shirt (ESQ) by Repp Classics. Woot trousers (2015) by Emerald Lake Design, via From Police Customs, Los Angeles.





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## Style

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For his next film, actor John C. Reilly had to learn how to bat, catch, and squat like a major leaguer. His lessons from the pros can help you on the field this summer—to play like you know what you're doing, or at least look like you do.

BY DAVID HOCHMAN

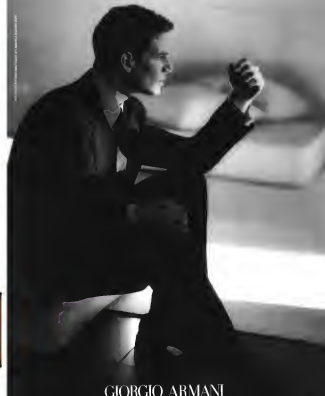
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The glory of glue. There is no other tool like it if you want to attach rubber to metal or masonry to glass. But before you get sticky, you should get to know your mastics from your adhesives.



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Becky Wood: Fly, she said. But you might want to look where you're going. BY JOHN BELLMAN



GIORGIO ARMANI  
LE COLLEZIONI





## the sound and the fury

### Breast Assured

Some readers didn't approve of Esquire's selecting Pamela Anderson (February cover) as the perfect representative of our whole big, fat false culture. Others, however, did.

I know Pamela is widely popular—there is hardly an indication of our society as a whole's approval rating—hence the February cover. But I expected more than a description of prosthetic breasts in the article ("Breast, Reconstructed," by Mike O'Leary). e.g., does she define those things before going to sleep?

—GABRIEL PHILLIPS  
Atlanta, Ga.

There is nothing especially depressing about small breasts, overly large ones must be as disturbing to the eye and may get in hush's way. Thank you for your searching explanation of this widely important topic. Also, in your three articles on the subject, Morton Levinsky's name came up only twice—a mere recapitulation of journalistic routine.

—DAVID OLIVER  
Torrance, Calif.

Thank you, Esquire, for the bestowing experience of having myself problem to an experience, it was exciting, "I got it for the interview with Osama bin Laden, Lohan?" What is the issue?

—LISA PINE  
San Francisco, Calif.

### Two Men, Two Gods, One Strategy

Primary's issue included a guided tour of bin Laden and al-Qaeda ("The Mission and the Future of the Annual Mission Conflict," by David Wolf) and an interview with Osama bin Laden, a terrorist dead set on destroying the U.S. ("Greetings, America: My Name Is Osama bin Laden," by John Miller).

Before reading the bin Laden article, I thought that perhaps I could write an eloquent response to him, outlining why he is wrong about America, America's American policy, or others. But having read in detail about his mind set, I decided that would be futile. Therefore, to his

Laden and friends, I will run up, on behalf of myself and my fellow Americans, exactly how we feel about your threats and acts of terrorism in terms you may be able to understand. Fuck you.

—JOSEPH A. O'KEEFE  
Hollywood, Pa.

Although terrorism has been the leading perpetrators of terrorism in North America since the early 1980s, thousands of innocent people have been killed, maimed, and displaced, and innocent lives have been lost. As the violence continues, fewer media sources provide reliable coverage. You did the public a great service.

—BOB BOWLES  
Jewell Jerry Clinic, DePaul College  
Collegeville, N.J.

I find satisfaction in knowing that, having gone to his reward, Robert Shapiro will be spending eternity in the company of the likes of Josef Mengele, Adolf Eichmann, Paul Pao, Ted Bundy, Jack the Ripper, and other notorious just and heinous. Of all the monstrous souls that planet has produced, al-Qaeda is the lowest form. Hitler and Stalin were by far the most monstrous and heinous of his. Whatever happened to the Hippocratic oath's first, do no harm? Doctors who slaughter the innocent deserve the same fate, and the sooner the better for all mankind.

—RONALD F. LITZ  
Conover, S.C.

I read with shock and fear your article on the "armed al-Qaeda conflict." There is nothing Christian about (justification) Bob Lohry or his friends. Jesus came to save and liberate. All that is gray that these men see the center of their souls and leads to forgiveness and peace.

—L. TERLISSET  
Vancouver, B.C.



I cannot agree more that it is wrong to kill innocents. But the abortion culture itself has given rise to this type of heinousness. The twisted, liberal mind-set that shows more respect for the lives of aborted souls than for persons human gives rise to the equally twisted mind-set that wants to kill abortionists. In society, as in physics, for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Tragic and wrong as it is, violence begets violence; murder begets murder. When the liberal pro-abortion radicals managed to legalize the killing of unborn humans, they gave rise to just the sort of response Voltaire said. *Don't waste it as law once again the concept that a certain group of humans could be disposable if they were defined as such is law, even the darkest form of slavery.*

There is no logical difference between the abortionist's violence and the terrorism of the abortion industry itself. The only difference is that the abortion industry is much more efficient, killing millions of babies. This spending violence is clearly immoral and nothing but monstrous. By definition, no true Christian will do true violence. You cannot be pro-life and be a murderer, and you cannot be pro-choice and deny a baby the choice of life.

—SCOTT SWINGOLA  
Stamford, Conn.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 125 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019, or sent by e-mail to [esquire@esquire.com](mailto:esquire@esquire.com). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

PHOTO: GARY W. HARRIS

The best reason to wake up early since cartoons.

Absolutely pure. Perfect.

## contributors



It took writer at large **Mike Sager** two weeks to find the right subject for "The Secret Life of a Beautiful Woman" (page 94), the latest chapter in what he refers to as his autobiographic series. (Last September, Sager took us into the life of a sixty-two-year-old man.) "I mean, it is a tough life," he says. Sager of his first meeting with his subject, model Brooke Burke. "I made my first real mistake when Brooke was making more love for her boyfriend and I suggested she wear the swims before adding them to the rest, which she did. The model turned out great, the boyfriend was happy, and I was in."

In 1986, while working for the *San Jose Mercury News*, **Daily Webb** wrote a series of articles showing how chaotic the CIA became allied with drug traffickers during the Nicaraguan contra war of the 1980s. The CIA denied the connection through the agency's own investigation subsequently confirmed much of what Webb had reported, his employer let him resign at the end, and a promising career was nearly ruined. Essentially shut out of journalism, Webb took a job as an investigator for the California Legislature and began looking into racial profiling in highway drug investigations. What he found led him to write this month's feature "DWB" (page 118). Clearly, Webb's time away from writing did nothing to diminish his reporting skills. "All I knew," says Webb, whose *Mercury News* series was expanded into a book, *Dark Alliance* (Bantam Books Press), "is that it's good to be back."



Thinking about getting into the market? First, you'll need to know how to evaluate a stock, a process that involves more than opening your newspaper and searching for a ticker symbol. This month in *Green* (page 52), contributing editor **Karl Korman** tells you what you should know before diving in. "Those who say investors should enter the market solely via mutual funds have a point—investor diversity and professional management are attractive attributes," says Korman, a regular commentator on *Marketplace* and *CNN*. "But the only way to grasp the market is by watching a company you own rise and wane."

When photographer **Sam Jones** signed to shoot Drew Carey for this month's cover story, "Fat Guy from Cleveland Walks Into a Bar..." (page 54), he had no idea a five-word-up routine would be included in the deal. "Drew was telling jokes the whole afternoon. Lots of good dick jokes. He also said that one of the best perks of fame was that the Budweiser truck delivers right to his house," says Jones, a frequent contributor to *Vanity Fair* and *Rolling Stone*. "He makes me as a genuinely happy guy, someone who enjoys making people laugh. He's not mean or self-loathing. And he understands his own image as well. Not only was he willing to try all our concepts, but he ended up pushing things much further than I ever would've. He was really into it."



"Going to my primary goal was to write the ultra-real, very gritty, keep some," says **Adam Johnson** of his latest short story, "Cliff Gods of Jupiter" (page 136), a tale that does indeed include a Walter ripping innocent encounter between two strangers in a jet-engine-powered zero-gravity machine. "You can't say that about most stories. Johnson, who lives in California and a happily married dad of two, writes, unapologetic as something I'd been looking forward to for many years." It is keeping himself busy these days by working on a novel and a doctoral dissertation on the history of the novel. This is Johnson's first piece for *Esquire*.



PHOTO: KEVIN MAZUR/REUTERS; JONES: MARK COOPER

## MAINE IN AMERICA SEBAGO PERFORMANCE DOCKSIDE



Last September, we ran a story about Gary Webb. Charles Bowden wrote it. It was called "The Farish." In 1986, Webb reported a groundbreaking five-part series for the *San Jose Mercury News*. He documented persuasively that, in the 1980s, CIA operatives had allied themselves with cocaine traffickers in order to help finance the contra war in Nicaragua. The most significant market for these traffickers was Los Angeles, and, through his reporting, Webb helped trace the terrible epidemiology of what became the crack plague.

Over the next few months, Webb was publicly harassed, ridiculed, and threatened to resign from his job. Bowden's story won about all that, and Webb was devastated professionally because of his reports and how he was abandoned by his own newspaper soon after his series came under attack by *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, and the *Los Angeles Times*. But Bowden's piece went further, providing corroborating evidence—in the form of an account from the Drug Enforcement Administration's most decorated agent—of what Webb's reporting had concerned. As much as the story showed the injustice of Webb's situation, it also conveyed something about what about him—that he is a good man, a solid citizen, and a born journalist.

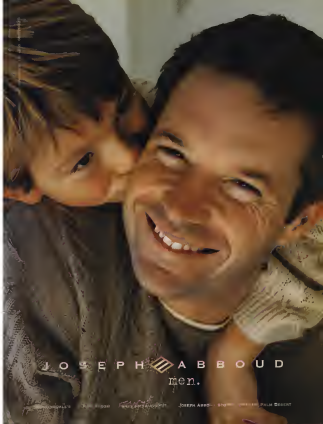
I met Gary Webb shortly after our story came out, and our conversation confirmed what Bowden's piece had asserted. At that point, Webb was working in an investigator for the California Legislature, and he told me exactly where Mark Whitten and me about what he'd been working on. The story involved state-based law enforcement and a huge federal program called Operation Pipeline. Over the past fifteen or so years, 301 police departments in forty-eight states have been trained under special high-tech drug interdiction techniques of Operation Pipeline, the effect being that, while some drugs have been interdicted, thousands of innocent motorists have been pulled over and interrogated and had their cars searched for no other reason than that they were black or Hispanic.

The result of Webb's research into Operation Pipeline is the wonderful story that appears on page 118. I'm thrilled that Webb is back doing the thing he was born to do: investigative journalism. And I'm proud that Esquire could publish his column.

For the past few months, Esquire has been involved in the launch of a program called Career Gear. Career Gear screens applicants from fifteen different job-training programs in New York City—men who have been homeless or in prison or in rehab and who are preparing themselves to reenter the workplace—and then puts together work clothes for those men to wear on job interviews.

One afternoon in January, Career Gear enlisted runway stars in suits, coats, shirts, ties, shoes, sweaters, socks, and even boxer shorts. Career Gear is the brainchild of Gary Field and David Woodard, and the transformations were made possible by a number of companies. Suits were provided by Calvin Klein, coats were supplied by London Fog, and shirts, ties, shoes, and accessories were donated by Van Heusen, Courmets Mens, Footprint, and Morado, respectively. The boxes were courtesy of Joe Bonzi; cologne was provided by Calvin Klein, and grooming products were supplied by Afters. I've never believed that clothes made the man, but on that January afternoon, the clothes definitely completed him. —David Granger

## Back at Work



JOSEPH ABBOUD  
men.



DOLCE & GABBANA  
Cravatte

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# esky

**Nobody knows you. No one, not even your most trusted associates, knows the full horror of your accumulated indiscretions or the adolescent rituals you perform**

even now. This part of your life, this hidden life, will have to remain secret for the time being and, hopefully, forever.

Some folks live more secret lives than you, of course: former Nixon confidants, serial killers, politicians, and the like. But secret life, or a friend has become a second-day staple of the American newspaper, yet increasingly it is not only the alleged perp who has skeletons in his cupboard. When a highbrow like the thug of a seventy-two-year-old Florida man a couple of months ago, the story we expected to hear was of a doctor who had felt a wave of elderly dead across the South and the West because, according to his lawyers, he guessed they were sinking a finger somewhere. But even police seemed shocked to report that the slinky, broad-shouldered had gotten into the victim's house and by asking for a drink of water but because the old man and his even older wife had picked him up on I-75 for sex. "If they had that kind of secret life, I never knew about it," said our neighbor, rather sensibly.

It has often been said, by at least others, that there are no secret lives in post-modern America. And yet despite the media's best and most critical efforts, something always seems hidden. One would have presumed that after nearly a decade and countless depictions, we would know the secret life of Bill Clinton. Yet we've seen little more than the scam floating on top. Quoting from the Star report: "The president explained [to Monica] that during his life he had been two people, and kept up two faces. The president said that starting in the third or fourth grade, he was a good boy with his mother and step-

father but also began telling stories and leading a secret life." That simple sentence, overlooked by reporters scanning for the words seven and three, playfully in touch with a Willy we hardly knew, of a



secret life. Donny Osmond or at the very least Swagerty. This is the Bill Clinton who may never be completely revealed, unless the publishing advance is sufficiently large. Speaking of which, you'd think there is very little that Monica Lewinsky keeps to herself. But there is a Monica who then the public record tells us and our bound, and she's now available for only \$17.45—10 percent off the list price.

"This book exists," explained Andrew Mason, author of *Monica's Story*, "because the Monica I came to know has no relation to the image projected by the Star report and the news media."

Accusations compound from those whose lives we celebrate, however, or some combination. The image isn't the real me. We've all seen Madonna's sagan and read her

thoughts about it, but lately she's been telling crowded news conferences, "I have revealed very little about myself... I'd rather think that I'm slowly revealing myself—my true nature." Even Meg Ryan, whose public persona is certainly everything we would want to be known as, has taken in going that "Gee is not what I'm all about." Concealed her frequent wife-swap Tom Hanks. "She's very pleasant and happy to work with, but I've always had the impression that there's this whole other woman that no one really knows."

We are all, it goes without saying, these whole other people that no one really knows too. "The Secret Life of a Beautiful Woman," page 96). Though why we keep them secret is a bit of a mystery. Perhaps it's because how too awful to expose even to our loved ones, perhaps because she is as brilliant as a woman to let her be revealed post per. Or perhaps we hold on to our secret lives because to be who people think we are is unbearably awkward, and so the real we want to be remembered, if only by accident, as Walter Mitty the Undiscovered, inaccessible to the last w



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GUCCI

A Cruel Month  
page 34  
Harold Brodkey  
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page 44

man  
AT HIS  
best

ESQUIRE



## Ellen Barkin

**SHE SAYS SHE DIDN'T BECOME AN ACTRESS BECAUSE SHE'S BEAUTIFUL. NOT THAT THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH BEING BEAUTIFUL...**

She has played many terrific roles with many excellent costars—De Niro, Vogelbe, that kind—and yet she will always be famous for her secondary love scenes with Al Pacino in *Joe of Love* (whereas, thankfully, Al mostly left the dueling to her). She shall again display this pulchritude in two upcoming movies—*Merry* (a “sexual thriller”) and *The White River*.

*Well*—although she will not in a third one, a dark comedy called *Drop Dead Gorgeous*, about a teenage beauty pageant in Minnesota. In that one, she will, in fact, be drug-addled and in a wheelchair. It is of no import. Barkin is a magnificent actress, with or without the k-bain. Not that a horker like me be described as a seaper....

“No movie actor is ever going to say, honestly, that being sexy got in the way of their career. That’s bullshit. Isn’t it fabulous when we think about how sexy Gena Rowlands still is? And Jeanne Moreau? Why is it bad to be labeled sexy? I don’t find it insulting in any way.”



man at his best

## How Tarantino Has Blessed Us



**Newsroom to go to 20:**  
Jay Mohr, Desmond  
Ashe, Katie  
Holmes, Ryan Dunn,  
Sarah Polley and  
William B. Davis

[illegible]

- Time Cycles

Actually, upon further reflection, T. S. Eliot was right about April

Last season, *Inquire* begged to differ with the great poet and writer, suggesting that not April but March—which saw the start of the 1918 Spanish-influenza pandemic and the birth of Celluloid—is the cruelest month. A closer look at the history books has proved us wrong. March may have been bad, but:



**APRIL 9, 1994**  
Texas panther  
die by road  
MEXIA 221-m  
parly through  
Texas, Ohio  
Rome and  
Kansas, killing  
half people.

**APRIL 30, 1942** 500 Americans and a 600-Pilipino prisoners die during the six-day Bataan Death March in the Philippines.

**APRIL 14, 1945** President Roosevelt signs the atomic bombing of Nagasaki.

**APRIL 14, 11:12** Titanic concert  
to be closing, drawing more  
1,000 passengers to a waiting  
**APRIL 12, 1998** John 14 were  
number one, Flank  
Guns, a new record  
for soundtrack,  
drawing 24 mil  
lion worldwide  
by Celine Dion  
**APRIL 12, 1998**  
San Francisco  
earthquake  
and resulting fire  
kill 500

**APRIL 19** Ligon  
die in FBI  
raid at World  
including 17  
children in  
1992 and 1993  
die in Oklahoma  
City bombing.  
The last day

the Second Battle of Ypres, 1915, the first instance of gas warfare. By the end of the war, soldiers were



APRIL 22, 1913  
Germany's bridge  
of ypires released  
of mustard gas, in  
of chemical war  
of the war: P1 000  
source

**APRIL 26, 1998** Chloroethylene explosion exposes tens of thousands in plume to dangerous levels of radiation

**APRIL 30, 1998** Some predict the apocalypse in full-blown form; others see

People who are unvaccinated having already lived through April 12, 1912

ALL VODKA NO



PRETENSE



WHY IS EVERYBODY SO HUNG UP  
ON THIS SIZE THING?  
ISN'T THAT SOME SORT OF JELLY?

I'LL HAVE ANOTHER SWIRLOFF  
AND A WHISKEY FOR MY FRIEND WHO



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## Roses are red, Violets are blue. What's with all the rhyming?



poetry: No one says it  
anymore that everyone  
wants to have a rhyme.

Are you curious to know what the next great satirical sweeping poem-culture revolution will be? What is it that will follow the steady phenomena of cigars and streaks and sneakers and brandy (sorry, can't) World Post believe poetry? No, probably not, but it seems to be true: *Poems, Stories & Carols* recently printed more than a hundred thousand copies of *Birthday Letters*, Ted Hughes's last book of poetry—an raises the average person for a book of verse. Bookstores report that sales of poetry collections in general are up as much as 30 percent. Even membership in the Academy of American Poets has quadrupled in the last four years.

### POETRY'S NEW

#### Rule No. 234.

The financial ticket dispensers in delicatessens, which were invented to retrain the abject lunacy of aspiring to a happy human life, are never actually used. Rule No. 69. More horseshit.

Earlier this year, billboards appeared up all over Los Angeles, where twenty-five-foot quotations from Dickinson and Eliot and Bukowski were seen on street corners on Sunset, Pico, and Beverly. In New York, subway cars are lined with snippets of verse from classic to contemporary on the MTA's Poetry in Motion placards. Nationwide, you can celebrate poetry all month long, as April is, indeed, National Poetry Month.

And does there's Jewel? Take Jewel, please.

Besides all those people hanging out at Starbucks with journals tucked under their arms, who could be the reason for much poetic coyness? Who the hell knows, but with so much criticism, maybe someone will finally come up with a rhyme for orange.

—JIM ANAKS

### THE REVIEW

World Brodsky was not a great writer, and yet still he makes us see what his career was about: greatness (brodsky), greatness (brodsky), greatness (brodsky), and greatness in the end (brodsky) indeed—it has become the curse that prevents us from appreciating the greatness of his gift. He published just enough to make his reputation on what he could do—so what?—publish, and when he did finally publish his big novel in 1991, it wasn't even that Brodsky failed to live up to his own greatness, but rather that (the *Washington Post* reviewed him to be a writer who was simply too odd to justify the interest he had aroused in his work by not allowing it into print, by 1991, he had almost certainly been exposed to the virus that would eventually kill him, and he began what amounted to a second career: how speed took over, and he showed out a second novel, a memoir, a third book of short fiction, and essays that appear in a new collection, *Two Stories on Dry Land* (Annapolis Books, \$30), some of which efforts not only revive the dying writer's passion against the dying clock but also of the dying writer chucking his dreams of immortality off the cliff. Two Stories on Dry Land may be read as a collection of Brodsky's final thoughts—his work of his life, his occasional incomprehensibility his neglected truth that readers would be so concerned with his own vulnerability as he was, his understanding of his own reputation. Yet there is no writer of our time who invested his sentences with as much consciousness as Brodsky did. The only thing he did lack (he graduated as a writer was his reader's interest), and if that was his great mistake, it was one that allowed him to give us the thing—the unforgettable war between speech and silence that rages in our heads—poetry, such as we know, in a voice crying, gritty, and so outrageously aware that the best of his sentences are as innocent as birds.

EDITOR: MICHELLE ALPER GOODMAN



ANYTHING  
GOES.





# Island of the Damned Good Food



Like with any You return to America in the back door of Cuba through Mexico, stay in some doubly beautiful towns, drink, wrapped down, and stay in this island food paradise. I prefer the old-fashioned splendor of a modern hotel in Puerto Rico—away from the most understated room in the Caribbean—where I know I'll find some of the most exciting food in the Americas. Puerto Rico has been the crucible of new world culture in a sunny mix of Caribbean, African, Spanish, and French food cultures, created by young native chefs whose talents for outdoing the

Spanish-Latin glory of their counterparts in the Caribbean forty-eight, for example.

**Chopote**  
400 Avenida Ponce de León, San Juan  
787-724-0100

Chopote, which takes its name from a flame, a huge sculpture of which appears in its lobby, serves to a well-deserved crowd. Marco Pizarro, one of the most technically brilliant and a handful of the modern Puerto Rican chefs, combines corn

**Mark's at the Melia**  
Melia Hotel, P.O. Box 10000, San Juan  
787-724-0100

In the elegant old colonial capital of Ponce, in the modern hotel wing of Mark's at the Melia, Mark French manages to turn out a fine food. Some stirring ferns, croquettes of salt cod and green peas, plums soup, pulled chicken steak with rice and chorizo sauce, and steamed shrimp with rice (longer finished platters).

**Aji-Mojito**  
1000 Avenida Ponce de León, San Juan  
787-724-0100

For more traditional fare, go to Aji-Mojito and order the best food in the island (and the best food in the island).

**El Morro**  
250 Avenida Ponce de León, San Juan  
787-724-0100

Then there's Old San Juan's historic El Morro, an old fortress built on a hill overlooking the sea, where the most famous in the island and the best food in the island.

**Pikayo**  
1000 Avenida Ponce de León, San Juan  
787-724-0100

If you want a whole new world, go to Pikayo, a favorite of the island's and the island's. It's a place where the island's and the island's. It's a place where the island's and the island's.

**The Parrot Club**  
300 Calle Ponce de León, San Juan  
787-724-0100

The newest spot in Old San Juan is the Parrot Club, which blends right into the island's and the island's. It's a place where the island's and the island's.

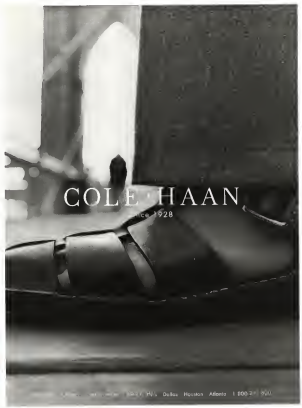
**Caribe Hilton Hotel**  
1000 Avenida Ponce de León, San Juan  
787-724-0100

If you want the best food in the island, go to the Caribe Hilton Hotel, where, in 1954, the island's and the island's. It's a place where the island's and the island's.

**El Mojito**  
250 Avenida Ponce de León, San Juan  
787-724-0100

And if you're not the one and the same, go to El Mojito, where the island's and the island's. It's a place where the island's and the island's.

beats with pumpkins, and the island's and the island's. It's a place where the island's and the island's.





## The first and only pill clinically proven to treat hair loss in men.

PROPECIA is a medical breakthrough—the first pill that effectively treats male pattern hair loss on the vertex (at top of head) and anterior mid-scalp area.

By all measures, the clinical results of PROPECIA in men are impressive.\*

- 83% maintained their hair based on hair count (vs. 28% with placebo)
- 66% had visible regrowth as rated by independent dermatologists (vs. 7% with placebo)
- 80% were rated as improved by clinical doctors (vs. 47% with placebo)
- Most men reported an increase in the amount of hair, a decrease in hair loss, and improvement in appearance.

\*Based on vertex studies at 24 months of men 18 to 41 with mild to moderate hair loss.

Scientists have recently discovered that men with male pattern hair loss have an increased level of DHT in their scalps. PROPECIA blocks the formation of DHT and, in this way, appears to interrupt a key factor in the development of inherited male pattern hair loss in men. Importantly, PROPECIA helps grow natural hair—not just patch hair—and is as convenient to take as a vitamin: one pill a day.

Only a doctor can determine if PROPECIA is right for you. PROPECIA is for **men only**. Further, women who are or may potentially be pregnant must not use PROPECIA, and should not handle crushed or broken tablets because of the risk of a specific kind of birth defect. (See accompanying Patient Information for details.) PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more to see visible results. PROPECIA may not regrow all your hair. And if you stop using this product, you will gradually lose the hair you have gained. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works for recession at the temporal areas. If you haven't seen results after 12 months of using PROPECIA, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit.

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. A very small number of men experienced certain side effects, such as: less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects were reversible and went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA. They also disappeared in most men (58%) who continued taking PROPECIA.

**So start talking to your doctor.** And stop thinking further hair loss is inevitable.

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(finasteride)

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# Green

A Month in the Life of Your Money

By Ken Kurson

SPECIAL EDITION: INVESTOR'S GUIDE



## The Thrill of Stocks

And the tools to take the mystery out of buying them

This story should be ten words long. There are endless ways to evaluate stocks, countless formulas based on arcane data, innumerable signs to read. But the answer to the question at the core of all of this—what is a stock really worth?—takes just ten

words: Any stock is worth whatever some one will pay for it.

I'm not trying to sound as my way around the serious business of analyzing stocks. But I think it is crucial to understand just how subjective and quirky stock pricing

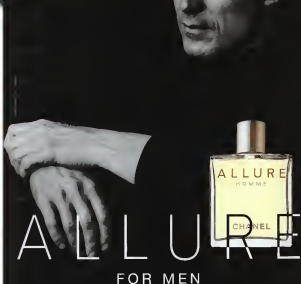
can be, particularly during times when investors line up to pay more than the company itself is selling. All theoretical valuation methods don't mesh quite near to the cold reality that there is no such thing as a "right" price or "intrinsic" value for a stock. Stocks are worth what people pay for them, period.

That's a pretty easy concept to grasp when you're talking about products or services that buyers expect to consume after they're purchased, such as a movie ticket or a candy bar. But purchases that are made

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# ALLURE

FOR MEN

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# Green

stoplay them more for a buck of 30 cent's earnings. If the market is telling you it expects them to grow much faster by comparison, a company like Kodak (KO) looks like a bargain since its \$45 share price suggests a PE of only 15.

You're thinking, "But a low PE doesn't always mean a better value." You're absolutely right. For two reasons.

1. PE is a backward-looking measure. It shows us how last year's earnings, as useful as they are in predicting future earnings growth, is limited.

2. Some companies deserve a low PE. They may look like bargains because they're selling their stock at earnings for cheap, but if the market thinks the company will be hard pressed to grow those earnings, or even tread water, it'll punish the stock by keeping the price low.

## LOOK FORWARD

Remember, the goal is to find companies whose future earnings will cost you less today than those of other companies. There are only two ways to do that. You can either buy companies whose current price is low, or else it should be, or buy those whose future earnings will be higher than expected in a realistic way. This describes the two basic



and a diversified portfolio case and often should contain examples of each—the PE is limited by its backward-looking approach. Luckily there's a better tool invented by the Motley Fool: the PEG. The PEG uses the PE but incorporates future growth, as well. It's pretty easy to use, too, though there's a trick. Here's how it works: Find a company's PE ratio and divide it by the company's expected annualized growth rate. Obviously, the 10 in PEGs if a company's PE is 20 and it's expected to grow by 20 percent a year. Its PEG is 1.25 (20 ÷ 20). The Motley PEG formula is not calculations, ignores decimal points on the percentage. A PEG of less than 1 suggests an undervalued stock, 1 to 1.5 means fairly valued and above 1.5 more than 1.0 indicates a rich valuation.

that the PEG, most so it is better evaluates only certain types of stocks—small and quickly growing but with enough earnings to have some kind of PE and enough analyst coverage to have meaningful estimates.

For blue chips and other large caps, though, the Fools have cooked up another evaluator. It's called the YPEG, and it requires just two numbers—the year-forward estimate and the projected five-year growth rate, both of which are available from First Call. Just multiply the two numbers to get that year's PEG target.

Perco, for example, is expected to have an EPS of \$5.21 and to grow at 13 percent a year over the next five years. That produces a YPEG of \$67.73. Since the stock trades in the low \$60s, it might be said to be slightly undervalued (but not much).

## WHY MY METHODS

There is a critical problem with all future-looking tools. The users have to be right. The PEG and YPEG both rely on the accuracy of analyst predictions. I've gone on at length about the inherent predictive powers of stock analysts (Green February 1996). May be almost good at it, but the critical data—consensus earnings estimates—are the exact statistics most vulnerable to the sheep-like movements of analysts, who don't like to make uncomfortable calls that might embarrass them or the companies with which they hope to do business.

That doesn't make these tools don't work. It's just that they don't work in a vacuum. Just as diversifying in a portfolio lessens risk, so too should investors be wary of living in love with any one evaluation method. Some general types of systems, such as over-

PHIL KNECHT

ALWAYS MOVING FORWARD. NEVER STANDING STILL.

MUCH LIKE THE MAN. AND HIS COLLECTION.

GREG NORMAN COLLECTION. BEYOND GOLF.

## A BETTER TOOL: ANNUALIZED GROWTH RATE

Calculate your 10-year annualized growth rate. To get this number, divide the company's current price by its earnings per share (EPS) to get the current PE ratio. Then divide the company's projected annual growth rate by the current PE ratio. The result is the annualized growth rate. For example, if a company's current price is \$45 and its EPS is \$3.00, the current PE ratio is 15. If the company's projected annual growth rate is 10 percent, the annualized growth rate is 0.67 (10 ÷ 15).

With this method, you can compare the annualized growth rates of two companies. The company with the higher annualized growth rate is the better investment.

Example: Company A has a current price of \$45 and an EPS of \$3.00. Company B has a current price of \$60 and an EPS of \$4.00. Company A's annualized growth rate is 0.67 (10 ÷ 15). Company B's annualized growth rate is 0.50 (10 ÷ 20). Company A is the better investment.

forms of stock investing: value investing, which seeks to buy cheap stocks that will rise; and growth investing, which seeks to buy stocks of quickly growing companies. Both methods have their adherents, but at least choose your different styles. In a market driven recently by the incredible boom of technology companies, the latter style is clearly in favor. Of course, investing in out-of-favor stocks is the whole point of value investing, so its fans won't be throwing in the towel just yet.

Regardless of which methodology you choose, however, you should keep in mind a few basic principles. First, the market is always right. If the market is telling you that a company is overvalued, it's probably overvalued. Second, the market is always wrong. If the market is telling you that a company is undervalued, it's probably undervalued. Third, the market is always moving. If the market is telling you that a company is overvalued, it's probably overvalued. Fourth, the market is always moving. If the market is telling you that a company is undervalued, it's probably undervalued. Fifth, the market is always moving. If the market is telling you that a company is overvalued, it's probably overvalued. Sixth, the market is always moving. If the market is telling you that a company is undervalued, it's probably undervalued. Seventh, the market is always moving. If the market is telling you that a company is overvalued, it's probably overvalued. Eighth, the market is always moving. If the market is telling you that a company is undervalued, it's probably undervalued. Ninth, the market is always moving. If the market is telling you that a company is overvalued, it's probably overvalued. Tenth, the market is always moving. If the market is telling you that a company is undervalued, it's probably undervalued.

already annualized, but you get more from this results with longer-term estimates—say two to three years—and annualized numbers aren't as likely to be

## DO THE MATH

Here's how to do it: Find a company's earnings per share (EPS) and divide it by its current price to get the current PE ratio. Then divide the company's projected annual growth rate by the current PE ratio. The result is the annualized growth rate. For example, if a company's current price is \$45 and its EPS is \$3.00, the current PE ratio is 15. If the company's projected annual growth rate is 10 percent, the annualized growth rate is 0.67 (10 ÷ 15).



ALWAYS NEW COLORS.



ALWAYS NEW FABRICS. ALWAYS NEW DESIGNS.









In preparation for this year's Oscars...

## Ten Things You Can't Say About the Movies

**I**f Jack Nicholson's a rebel, Fidel Castro must be a baseball player. It's because an Oscar-nominee must for the proceedings to exclude a moment of flaming civil war. Nicholson's most venerable lead guy, Nicholson's screen star as the evil Madsen's love interest, must should still you how serious the trail thing makes him, and how much happier they are when it's just doing his evidence: impudence opens up audacious splendors, and Charlton Heston took more roles with his career. By now, after a quarter century of looking out his window to self projects whose identity guaran-

tee he'll have passion, Nicholson's glowing equidistant just on the screen. You may have no choice but to soldier on as "Jack," and study, even on the rare occasions when he portrays his famous hobby, scrum—as in 1992's *Hugo*—he can't hold an audience's interest.

**Dumb and Dumber was better than The Truman Show.** Judging from the fact the average critic joins the Academy in deeming *persecution*, you'd never guess how many of the American movies audiences have cherished and found memorable since the late seventies have

been chosen, low-cost comedies—first *Amel*, *House* through *Fast Times at Edgemont High* through *There's Something About Mary*, all of which have inspired more genuine devotion than, say, *Law*. Since something that Hollywood has never learned is that prestige doesn't equal art, we can be exciting. Not as the sleekest, worst, "quirky" movies being with the humanistic theories *Gore* with the *Wind* did without that got whistled toward Best Picture nomination like nuclear siege towers to be instantly forgotten, even if, like *Gandhi* or *Out of Africa*, they was. Although naga-

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the page

By Sven Birkerts

# Marquee Names

As his apocalyptic first novel careens to the screen, and with a jittery new book just published, Chuck Palahniuk is becoming (in)famous for his last words

**J**UST AFTER Christmas, right across in New York, I stood with my four-year-old son in the corner opposite the Empire State Building. We squirmed up. I pointed. "In a few minutes," I said, "we're going to be up there, looking down." He wailed, blinked, and then did one of his eye-rolling double takes, making sure as he did that the other adults in the group were watching. Then he began declaiming in a strangely somber voice: "What's the point? What's the point?" Laughs all around. I was craving to see something about finding interesting places to stand when the light changed and the tale swept us all forward.

Which brings me, I hope you'll see, to Chuck Palahniuk. Chuck Palahniuk? Don't worry if you haven't heard of him. At the moment, he is with a risk for his press release people. He is the author of the "underground sensation *Fight Club*"—in other words, a writer and the property of a few hundred like-minded readers. An apocalyptic, post-grunge taste from the West Coast. But the breakout signs are there: blarney that first novel, *Thirteen Jumps* went, with almost warning cynicism, "Have I ever written this well?" *Fight Club* is a classic read the cliché actually seems to be a major motion picture, directed by David Fincher (*Seven*, *The Game*) and starring Brad Pitt and Edward Norton. Sure, sure, Palahniuk's new novel, *hush*, if that is possible, even more millennial angst sparkling across the same metaphors



Chuck Palahniuk is a writer who needs some context. A good sign—it means there's something new happening on the page. But let me also add: Our current needs some Palahniuk. I'm talking about our millennial angst, yes, I'm also talking about that car-popping electronic ride up to the top of the Empire State Building. Squirm and sidget as we might, the culture is in every where around us.

Gathering. It's in the slogans and marketing plans, which we're so sick of, and in the night thoughts that now and then crash through our various sleep inducers. It's primal superstitions coming face-to-face with digits, screens, and the promise of an embossed future. Tick, tick. This is where Palahniuk comes in. For he has made it his job to gather up the vectors of our collective unease and

## ACQUA DI GIÒ FOR MEN



GIORGIO ARMANI

Edie Lee  
in front of  
Acqua di Giò  
For Men

# ACQUA DI GIÒ

## FOR MEN

GIORGIO ARMANI  
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



# Style Agenda

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With vibraphonist **STEPHEN HARRIS**, pianist  
**JASON MORAN**, alto saxophonist **DREX GIBBY**  
and tenor saxophonist **MARK SHAM**

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CITY	DATE	CLUB
Chicago	March 19	The Blue Note
Cleveland	March 20	The Rhythm Room
Detroit	March 31	Motor Lounge
St. Louis	March 24	The Delmar
Kansas City	March 25	Grand Emporium
Pittsburgh	March 27	Katsub
Tampa	March 31	Red Star
Atlanta	April 1	Echo Lounge
Boston	April 3	Ryles Jazz Club
Philadelphia	April 6	Rhythm
New York	April 7	Downtown

For ticket information, call 800-332-8112  
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This past January, **CANALI** opened a boutique in Milan, its first ever in its birthplace city.  
The three-level shop, located at Via Verni 1, features the finely tailored clothing, sports  
wear, and furnishings that have made Canali an institution in Italy for over 65 years.

## Take a Walk for Kids in Need

The **PEDIATRIC CANCER FOUNDATION** holds its 11th annual Walkathon on  
Sunday, April 14th in New York. This five-mile walk through Manhattan's  
Rockefeller Park ends with a party at the Riverside Park Botanic  
Garden. Proceeds benefit The Pediatric Cancer Foundation's efforts to support  
treatment of childhood cancer. For further information, or to receive a  
Walkathon registration form and brochure, please call 811-477-1127.

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## "No Security" For Tommy



**TOMMY HILGNER** has designated 1999 his company's "Year of  
Music" kicking off with a sponsorship of the Rolling Stones' "No  
Security" concert tour. My passion for music has always inspired  
my designs," says Hilgner. "This year it will be evident in every-  
thing we do." The tour wraps up with dates in Boston, Chicago, Hartford, Cleveland,  
Columbus, Kansas City, Memphis, and Oklahoma City. Consult your local listings  
for details.

brushes them in our faces.

Right Club is a buxom, glib, and determinedly cranked-up novel, a novel you must dislike while reading, but there is something else in the pulse—the steaming, edge-of-explosion wit that goes from line to line—that makes you wonder if the author might not know a few secrets. Palahniuk can write. While I do hear an influence—riches of post-grunge vulgarity like Rich Mania, Donald Aronson, William T. Vollmann, and David Foster Wallace, and under those same beats of the postmodernism, speaking-as-narrator mode of Don DeLillo's *White Noise*—there are also whole long stretches that really feel like the breath of the now.

I can't imagine how David Fischer is going to get Right Club onto the screen. The plot is always a twisting progression of events and jugged moments that come at you as if from something you already know if you can't see a world in which nothing matters—I mean really does not. The narrator, posed on the roof of a skyscraper, got pushed to the inside of his room by one Tyler Durden, recounts his relationship with this would-be existence.

## Palahniuk gathers up the vectors of our collective unease and brandishes them in our faces.

ah, this music who has made it his mission to unleash—in himself and his thousand followers—the final angelical notoriety held in check by history, class, numbers, and bureaucratic obedience. Durden takes over the life of this dithered young man and installs him in his place against the American way, which begins with his gross defiling of food at the restaurant where he works and soon extends to his founding of Right Club. Right Club, a cult-to-come secret society—a venue where grown men go to experience the release of having men other up.

The idea catches on in a big way. And the novel, moving and twisting, becoming more a post-modern fantasy with each ratcheting strike, turns into the stuff of last days, with the skyscraper wound to explode, the finger moved on the trigger, and the last-minute resolution about Durden, which will be very hard to bring over once released.

Survivor comes howling back out of the same dark corner of the mind, with similar sketch-and-painting but broader swath of black humor. Like as previous, it is a twisted novel, a novel that

applies the first-principle to enact twisted eloquence from its doctored secret.

Survivor remembers the voice on a recovered flight recorder—the tale of an accident of Teller Branson, an exploded prophetic figure who has hijacked a 747, released the passengers, and now, as we join him for a moment, cocking the pistol as well.

Not to lose you with the details, but we drop to under 10,000 feet and pull up the forward cabin door. Then the plane's gone, and even before it starts the cabin door, I find it the edge of the doorway and take a look at her face.

Nothing in my life has ever felt like this good.

If Sir Isaac Newton was right, this wouldn't be a problem for the pilot on his way down.

The tone is one of macho casualness. Excepted like that, it can sound oddly unexcited, like men struck, but casually it achieves its desired effect, leaving us into a desperate alien reality.

The novel is (two catch) prepared in reverse, to simulate countdown moments.

a way to keep your issue off the face." There are highlights of these lines—they come like the jobs that moderate the opposition for the knockout punch.

When the FBI raids the Cardiff compound, a Jameson-like mass suicide ensues. Branson, in the field, is one of the survivors. Then he hears of the others like him following suit—in the someone is mechanically murdering them. Soon he believes he is the last man standing.

The 747 is, meanwhile, missing into as long as long as long. As the big engines burn out—out, then the air—we read of Branson's astonishing public appearance. He gets an agent, a media makeover. "How the agent explained his plan to me, and we weren't meeting the greatest people in the world, just the most."

"He said, 'Thank you very much from now on as a diet club.'"

Soon he is everywhere in the media system, a full-blown American prophet and best-selling author, shilling for his Book of Very Common Prayer, which has prayers for everything from oxygen delivery to allowing people out of heaven.

There's more, of course. Survivor is

convoluted, masterfully comic, parading deeply of the America that seems to be in the end of the night from the club chairman's first place of outrageous experience, lavish solitary, fanatic conservatism, and mind-stopping brutality. But the reader will have determined by now whether Palahniuk has his eye on not.

My guess is that early will think that, that they will find a way to draw the line between life on the page and the remarkably high-definition world they see all around them. But then, for most people, the millionaires will mean nothing more than a party to end all parties and a world trading club toward managed well-being. The pull of personal truth is almost as strong as the pull of gravity. I can see why Palahniuk feels the need to pack his characters into machinery. How else to even get the picture in words? My suggestions are with him, even as his fourth effect me. But when do I tell the four-year-old by side me on the observation deck? I serve him back his belated answer as a question: "Did you have any idea, down there, that we were in the middle of all this?" It's the point, but I'm not sure he gets it yet. ■



Dr. Mephisto  
Dr. Mephisto

## members of the MEPHISTO movement



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**Y**ou've never heard the song before. It's impossible to imagine it on the radio, because it's so strong. Like Sex Pistols records, which are almost never played on the radio, it might destroy whatever came before or after.

The song is "Heart Together"—the first on *The Most Rock*, a new album by a band called Sleater-Kinney. It's a song that can make you feel as alone as it makes you feel ready for any disaster, any threat—absolutely alone and absolutely ready. And "Heart Together" is two things more. It is the independent-swing first-of-its-kind of a band that has been the best in the country since it began, and all the work of a woman who has been the most interesting singer in pop music since 1991, when she first opened her mouth in public, in a two-woman-dream-and-guitar-punk band with the wonderful name of Heavens to Betsy.

Formed in Olympia, Washington, in 1994 as "a punk-rock band" suitable for a passionate critique of Boston's "More Than a Feeling," Sleater-Kinney is now on its fourth album. Unlike most punk acts, they've gotten more extreme as they've gone on, as if the sound they want is a dare against the very idea of limits. And though Sleater-Kinney has

recorded only for very small labels, the band is not obscure; two years ago it was getting so many shows, the pop critic for *Time* felt it necessary to issue a disclaimer (Why? Just because.) The radio ought to be ready for them. It isn't.



CHRISTOPHER KIMBLE

# The Best Band in the World

If you finally hear Sleater-Kinney's music on your radio, you'll know that the whole notion of radio—and maybe the world—has changed

Sleater-Kinney consists of drummer Janet Weiss, thirty-three, and two guitarists, Carrie Brownstein, twenty-five, and Corin Tucker, twenty-seven. Both Brownstein and Tucker sing, or rather they argue—argue over their songs, vary

**NOW THIS  
WON'T HURT A BIT.**

THE CURIOUSLY STRONG MINTS

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the classic different pen names, perhaps different parts of the same person, might make on the songs. That's the story demonstrated on *The Hot Road*—named for 1972 Robert Randolph—George Segal captures, one of those formulaic cross-country you remember long after you've forgotten where you were. Occurs that year, the song "Steady As She Goes," the title of the album, "Steady Together" turns out of the line with its introduction, no warning. A pressing, aging pattern of notes seems to drag you across a moving train, on a story already in progress. You can't catch up, the guitar is taking you in one easy dimension at once. It's like being shown into a room with screaming, frenetic faces and a door that's closed. You're told you have to decide which one is you or die. And that's just Taylor's song.

Cassidy's teacher is a smallish, disconcertingly womanly. Her voice is accented, with a casual swing—the sort of swing that neither Tina Turner nor Macklemore has ever had, the ability to coast a note and sing it like a bell in a tower. You don't know if it's some of its own power or its ability to make you feel like you can go through any door, since the voice has decided it will no longer wait. You hear this hesitation, that decision made somewhere back before the music began, in Tucker's voice. It starts in an ache, in the desire of the will, which wants to bend the whole world, to escape its pale, one person's room still, while Cassidy glances out called you "first to bodas." "I hear you," she says, and she's not talking to her own nerve, she's talking to the body you're in, she's talking to the music, that she's free

Tucker opens her mouth and sounds come out, not words. Words will appear in the song goes on—words of fear ("It's changing—everything's changing"), of pity and disdain ("Roll with the punches—roll on the dice")—but they don't commensurate with a fraction of the faces of the egging dance, moose, and storm. Tucker sounds in the song goes over in three half, in the hand across to double and in the background of the music a furnace sent off bonds. The language being spoken seems proverbial, a bar that back in the 1960s, when words came in, curious messages, certain possibilities of meaning, had to be left behind.

The singer has gone back to get them. Gas whistles, one with Tucker exhales, her name a dirge in itself. Kryptonite, glowing and hard, the sound making a huge arena can almost see in the sky. Chorus, all

fish, comes a cry, a surprised but implacable noise—a completed noise that is part leap, part disgust, with literature discovered in the diagram and dissolving the leap. The performance is not only a physical discovery of freedom, made in the act of merely performing it; it is also an argument about freedom, an argument that it can be as terrifying for the actor as for the audience.

This is the sort of music that makes you shake your head and see that human beings can create anything so powerful. There were similar moments on the band's earlier records like *My Guit and Call the Doctor*—which is exactly what you want to do in the middle of "Start Together"—moments when audiences find that these words and bodies just do cause us to enter and the music is a thing apart, but such moments always returned to a certain familiar pop structure, a song you'd want to sing. "Start Together" is a new song, demanding a brand-new, a world willing to strain over. The thrill of such a demand, dressed whole, as a struggle now, is inalienable. That's why it's impossible to imagine the song on the radio. It seems to me it would cause every other disc on the planet.

[illegible]

The *Mojo Rock* isn't better than the earlier chapters in the book she band is writing, but it's sweeter. The prosaic borders and notes of the previous albums are shifted



Further left: *Strombosia*, *Amphibia*

[illegible]

That's one up a paradox. It can make you think that the transience could be permanent, that the notion that the radio could never hold the music with which this record began is much too simple. After all, anyone might have said the same thing of the day before: Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti" or Aerosmith's Frank's "I Wanna Love a Girl (The Way I Love You)" or Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" were on the radio, and the radio played them day and night. Each time, something happened. Each time, the new song changed the songs around it, making almost everything else on the radio more like a con everyone could now

through. For a day or a lifetime, those who were firmly persuaded themselves they would never seek for what, the day before, had seemed like all there was to

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live each day with intense beauty

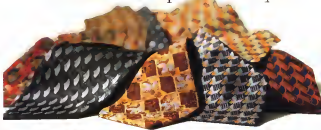
The walls boomed over the muffled weeping, and long tables full of laughter

If only one could return to the villa in a moment.

# VILLA BOLGHERI



Neckwear in the spirit of Tuscany.



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JOSEPH, G. (1977) - WILDERNESS RESERVES - 1976 STATE ECONOMIC DATA: NORTHERN DISTRICT (1977).

the lives of men

By Steve Friedman

# Up from the Gutter

The world's best bowling hustler is leaving the shadowy "action" game behind for the bright lights of the PBA. Rudy Revs wants to be a contender.



**I**t was after midnight. I knew that sometimes in matches like this, you either lose a lot of money or, if you win, you're lucky to get out of there. We look around the parking lot. The thinking, We're gonna get caught. I'm drinking. This is up to

—Professional bowler David Gray, remembering bowling an action game against Rudy Revs

Most men won't leave bowling alleys or casinos, but he has left many there

He has straggled out of bowling alleys too cold to drive. He has opened bowling-rampage doors and blinked at fragrance muggings and hot, sticky muggings and cool, occasional muggings, a thousand but fulfilled, his pockets bulging with so much cash he would rather not discuss it. He has walked out with nothing. "No gas to your car, no toll to get home, sometimes you're out eating for three days." This has been his job. He has driven five hours to bowl six hours. He has drilled holes in hundreds of bowling balls, and he made himself ex-

pert in the ways they were balanced and weighted. He has earned bowling hallows a hospital, where a medical professional allowed him to watch as the balls were repaired. His self-consciously cosmic moments, he refers to himself as "a momenting ballholder." He has brought adversaries in stark bowling newspapers and challenged top professional bowlers—"professionals" in a legit man, corporate endorsement type of way, from the clean, well-lighted world he once made and faded to mine—to meet him after midnight in smoky, loud places filled with hair, an evening men, and many of the professionals have come. Hours later, oftentimes, he has straggled onto the sunrise with gas money to burn. He has taken money from many less-famous bowlers, too. He has made a good living at this—a much better living, it is safe to say, than many of the bowlers who labor in the clean, well-lighted world he once made and failed to enter.

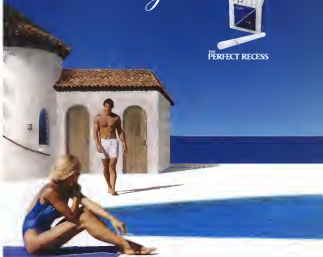
He has bet on dozens, high odd scores, and high even scores. He has bet on a single ball and on "tournament games," in which bowlers flip their balls from behind the scout's table. (He has bet too on "towel games," in which bowlers flip their balls from towels, though he has beaten players who have

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## the lives of men

played that way? He has bowled when the lowest score has been (and only if the bowler has at least one pin per ball). He has bowled "telephone-book matches," in which two bowlers meet in a town and open a phone book, one player chooses his score and starts at the page listing the bowling centers, and, whenever his finger lands, that's where they bowl. He has bowled badly on purpose, but only to persuade other bowlers to play and to beat against him. "To keep the fish interested," he says. "I was always clearing the bottom of the tank. It was dirty, and I had to clean it." He has bowled "loss game freeze-out," which means the first bowler to win four games wins everything. In the world of action bowling, which is where Rudy Katanaka has ruled for the past fifteen years or so, "everything" can represent an impressive sum of money, sometimes lost by drink, sometimes won. Think of a good pin's value. That sum, large but extremely vague at Rudy's request, might be what's at stake in a single action game.

**"To bowl action, you gotta have ice water in your veins and big keisters," says Rudy. "One match, I got beat up so bad, I left that place in a body bag."**

But action bowling's most successful practitioners are pulling himself from the game now. He is once again trying to leave the four-game freeze-out and history lessons behind so that he can enter the dim, red-lit world with the television lights and corporate endorsements. This spring, he is attempting success on the Professional Bowlers Association tour—at that point, his only real goal. But like Michael Catanzano and Joseph Kennedy and Don King and Mark Wahlberg and other skilled men who have tried to leave one disreputable world in order to enter a different, better-lit, and more complicated one, his trip is fraught with difficulties. And in the case of action bowling's greatest action bowler, a question: Why?

MOST BOWLING FANS know him as Rudy Revs, because, when he cracks his bowling ball, he can light-hand points straight up and he requires his wrist and then releases the ball with more power than almost any other bowler alive. Among bowlers, Rudy is said to possess a "high modulus" ball. That Revs has

weighs 240 pounds and stands five feet seven inches, and he has forearm tattoos and a neck like a wire and dark eyes that glower and burn in a head like a boiler. He is loud and swaggering in victory and ready to do his. He is obsessed with winning. His career depends on winning. Professional and top amateur bowlers speak of "throwing" a bowling ball. In Rudy's case, the expression is accurate. When Rudy strikes, just jump and scatter with cartoonish elasticity. When he doesn't strike, he leaves more goals than a professional bowler should or can afford to. He is known as an all-out-throwing bowler. He has a heavy New York accent and a reputation for letting big money on games whose outcomes favor, for whatever reason, never been in doubt to Rudy. He looks and sometimes acts like low-rent muscle, and he is making a lot of change for the lowest kind of ideal.

He gets right as my pen and says, "I'm the best, you can't beat me. I'm the best."

like Rudy, "is 'Anytime, anywhere, any amount of money.' That's what action bowling is—you and me, you get done working, I get done working, we're gonna look the doors, and we're gonna bowl."

To those in an action bowler—and Rudy has that bent that any athlete—action bowling is a way of synthesizing those two absolute but constantly conflicting imperatives. In some ways, it's like being a piece of meat.

So action bowlers try to make sure the lines they are bowling on are solid to their liking and not to their opponent's. Oil patterns influence how a ball hooks, where it hooks, and even if it hooks. Some action bowlers arrive at a lane early and tinker with the pin-setting machine so that the resulting pin configuration favors both throwers from certain angles, angles that happen to be the ones those bowlers who tinker are best at. One action bowler, a man who throws the ball even harder than Rudy—"His ball could basically knock

One dump score became so notorious that one night, with one ball left to bowl, I said that would decide the outcome of the game, many of the best, amazing men who had—pin-to-pin!—by—the way on the dump score thought he might throw the game, so they threatened him with grievous bodily harm if he didn't make his option. But other hard, amazing men, who were coming on from dumping the game, threatened him with grievous bodily harm if he did make his option. So the dump score ended a lane attack. "Clatched his chest, yelled, fell over, the whole bit," says Rudy with a laugh that is at least a little nervous. "Made an ambulance come to get him some there."

Deep action and gutter players are unpopular creatures, shunned by other divisions of the action spectrum. But, among bowlers, their cunning and skill are recognized. Sometimes they are even honored. Such is the case with the pin bowler who discovered in the early seventies that he could hit bowling ball straight in a channel: men that he had found in a hardware store, the ball would become soft and grip the wood of a bowling lane with amazing moisture and hook power into the boudoir. The year he made his discovery, the bowler, a career parentless, made more money than any of his colleagues and was named PBA player of the year. He is described in the International Bowling Museum and Hall of Fame in St. Louis as "an innovator in the game."

Rudy is not above gimmicks and trickery. When he bowls at his favorite spot on spot, Deer Park Bowl at Deer Park, Long Island, he tries to make sure the match takes place on lanes eleven and twelve. "Lane twelve is the worst lane in America to throw a strike on," he says. "Lane twelve hooks early and stays in the back. You have to curve the lane, make sure you get the ball to come around the corner and look for ten." It is when a while for Rudy's opponents to figure that out.

Bowlers who have appeared Rudy at Deer Park Bowl later to the room at the Capt, in part because it always seems to be crowded with Rudy's hard, amazing friends. "A lot of barrels, fights broke out," David Owen says. "and you could tell Rudy was the general there." Rudy yells at other bowlers' stats and slaps his hands in front of them after he

has bowled a strike. He'll say, "Now, that's a real strike." He belittles his opponent, insults his game, and then watches him. Rudy knows that when a man is bowling with his own money, he is often scared, and Rudy strikes often's feet and looks all of it.

"You kind of like a dog that way," he says. "When I can sense him shaking, it's kind of like a high."

"He was an animal," says Norm Delar, the three-time manager of the

the history of bowling. "The hardest thing about bowling Rudy was not being out-madened. He isn't a natural-born ball and makes it look like a piece of popcorn."

"I bowled him at the Capt," says Guss. "That was scandal on my part. Everyone feared Rudy in the Capt."

He tried that two or three years ago, but he didn't make it. There are no fish on the pro tour, and there's more oil



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## the lives of men

them as regular lines, and the call patterns are equally tough on everyone. And while Rudy's all-at-once-bull-horned opponents in *dash, dot, alley*, it didn't seem anyone on the PBA roost Two money men, the all-at-once-bull-horned was nothing. The most successful PBA bowlers aren't the ones who make the pun jump or whose bulls can knock a meter or two. The men who make the money on the PBA tour are consistent, mostly quiet men with consistent, mostly quiet bowling styles.

They could even be considered boring. The man Rudy says is the greatest clutch bowler in the game—the man who has my last dollar on to those one single ball—is Norm Duke, who is five feet five inches, 123 pounds, and unfailingly polite to bowling fans, and who says thank you and dips his head when people applaud. The Duke, as he is known, is just Rudy, but he's consistent. The richest bowler in history is a man named Walter Ray "Dewey" Williams Jr. Williams doesn't throw a particularly powerful strike ball, and if his style is notable for anything, it's a certain cleanliness. But he's accurate, and he's consistent.

To succeed on the tour this time, Rudy knows he'll have to adjust more and go for broke less. He also knows that even with his two sponsors—Hanes bowling balls and Turbo 3-W-1 Gase—going has monthly checks, plus insurance if and when he wins, competing on the PBA may mean spending about \$1,500 a week on travel and expenses. When you do the math, Rudy needs to make much less money as a pro than he has made as a semi-pro. In fact, every Saturday you see him on TV, he stands in a line making a concept that is sometimes an action bowler.

"Everybody's too close to the next level," says David Gish, by way of explaining Rudy's otherwise inexplicable return on the PBA. "If you don't do it, you'll always wonder how you would have stacked up against the best of the best."

RUDY IS HAVING LUNCH with Mark Gerberich at an Applebee's restaurant in a mall on the outskirts of Houston, which is like the most common and most-ruling one-hundredth-bowler you ever heard of sitting down to breakfast with David Stern, though they probably wouldn't end up at Applebee's or in a mall outside Houston. Gerberich is at the table because he knows what an action bowler with Rudy's dark charisma and big head and boulder head with glowing eyes can do to

week's tournament is here because Gerberich asked him to be here.

"There are some pro players who couldn't win an action game if their life depended on it," Rudy says.

"What Rudy means," Gerberich says, "is that while pro bowlers are the best in the world, when it comes down to a single match, with everything on the line."

"Bowling action," Rudy says, "means you're putting up your own money in one game, everything riding on it, and it means you're facing some serious consequences depending on how you bowl."

"When Rudy means—" "When I mean is, no bowl action, you gotta have set money in your veins and a set of big knees. I remember one match—it was in West Haverwood—I got beat up so bad, I left that place in a body bag and—"

"He doesn't mean he literally left in a body bag," Gerberich says.

"Yeah," Rudy says. "Not literally. But he beat me up bad. I was talking to myself that night."

Gerberich thinks Rudy could be just what the PBA needs. He knows he'll bring some of the drama and fire of the action game to the PBA. But Gerberich worries that too much drama and fire might scare some people, might jeopardize the already fragile alliance the PBA has built with its corporate sponsors. Gerberich would like to make professional bowling more colorful without alarming the middle-class audience it is trying to broaden.

"You wanna do that?" Rudy asks. "Here's how you do that: When Walter Ray wins the next TV tournament, I walk up to him after, while the cameras are still rolling, and I say, 'Hey, Walter Ray, you might have won the tournament, but I don't think you're as hot.' Then I say, 'How about me and you just go out on the street and the camera's on us and roll, and I say, 'Hey, Walter Ray, you might have won the tournament, but I don't think you're as hot.' Then we do it, and the camera follow us. Now that would be something."

Gerberich tells Rudy to hold off on that idea for a while.



Rudy Rutherford, 2nd rounder of high-velocity, rapid-moving, pin-smashing bowler

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—MICKEY SPILLANE, on being selected for the Byrd expedition as a young boy Scout.

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america By Mike Perry

Put the **Wet Stuff**  
on the **Red Stuff**

The wet stuff being water,  
the red stuff being flame.  
The torch song of the  
volunteer firefighter.

**T**HE SPRING, the fall, I don't remember—I just recalled that it was one of those brown days, leached and barren with gold. The fire phone rang, the collection jar

the logging chain slung down a coal chute, and the men on the water tower saved into the air as it dived every day as noon and five, only that time twice, so anyone working outside would know it was a fire. When we converged at the fire hall, there were nearly four of us; the assistant chief, who left his small engine-rigger service unattended. Don, a teacher, farmer, a train, very much who lives in the hills, and me. A few years back, Don donated a logging to business. Inevitably, he came out of tangency with one eye severely crossed. He asked about

calls himself the One-Eyed Beagle. He once butchered a mountain lion. Lane recently had the muscles of his right forearm stripped from the bone in a fiery accident. His arm is splinted, his hand feels numb.

We headed out into the country in three vehicles: a van, a pumpco, and a tanker. We found the fire and put it out. Afterward, we joked with the assistant chief about how he got stuck on a quarantined community of one firefighter with one eye, one firefighter with one arm, and one firefighter who was the first volunteer in village history to move the monthly meeting because of a power outage.

Over is a tiny northern town of 485 souls. Flourensians in attendance keep the school perpetually intimate in the best

of communism. Good folks, when they are to be found, are often there on duty and stand away. During the day, the streets are still. It is from this dullness that the community must seek its firefighters, and I met the primary specifications: I was frequently home during the day, and I had a pulse. Enrollment in voluntary fire companies is an unexcused decline, and I was not. If I had been on a fire truck, we would have had more trouble than firefighters to drive them. While we play host to an unprecedented migration of volunteers finding the city as much of the "authentic" life, most of these new students see volunteerism as lending a hand. They want peace and quiet, but they also want two-minute response times to protect them on the fire line. A few are different.

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newly arrived, back-to-the-lander, classmate about her own personal Warden Ford. In the next breath, she described her shock at the forty-five-minute school bus ride her daughter was forced to endure. "I called the principal and told him that would have to change." What until Susan lights off her cigarette and you read a fire truck, I thought.

I remember one of my first fire calls, in the heart of winter, after midnight, a woman's voice on the phone. Callers fire "Wax" out on the table, laterals. When we got there, it was an unattended truck of Lincoln Logs. Two as far as I could see, attack and moved in. We tried to work together, but we were working around an inch of water over a bed of ice. Suddenly, we looked like a pair of hockey goalies wrestling an asteroide. A lieutenant beckoned, pointing back over his shoulder. He wanted to lead the way. I swung the hose, beginning to clear it down first, and it just away from it. A torrent of water as thick as a blackland's furnace struck the lieutenant's helmet and crashed him in the back of the neck. By the time we got back to town, it was dawn. At the

quently his duty to put out a fire isn't my I shouldn't have told him for not being able to draw when we were in grade school. Once, at a bus fire, deep inside the stratosphere, I remember recognizing the two firefighters ahead of me as my brothers. We were arranged along the hose in order of rank, from youngest to oldest.

Because our department is small and the steps we cover in firefighting, we joke that our proud motto is "We're never lost a basement." And in truth, while we make more "saves" than you might assume, our most important task is usually to preserve as much of the structure as we can and protect everything surrounding it. From engine calls to the very next subsequent extinguishment. And what is preserved, my sometimes prove to be invaluable structures, after all, a house fire is a destruction of the past. There are people here losing their history.

Sometimes, when you're feeling reckless, you forget that it's dangerous to get reckless, but it happens. There's an incident that I'll never forget. There are so many reasons to volunteer for this job as there are firefighters, but at some

the ones out in the whole "build and burn" thing gets even blown. I receive a calling every few minutes. I'll be with everything from shoulder holsters to fire-fighting handcuffs. It also features a range of popular novelty T-shirts for firefighters: we wear white T-shirts that say "POWER AND WE GO TO BELL, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO" and a newer "WE'VE GOT YOU FEAR. Ash badgers, say I. Self-aggrandizing clichés. We study, we prepare, but the fact remains: We are interested playing a game in which the professional regularly get their tails whipped. That's what I like.

I didn't grow up wanting to be a firefighter. I left town a year ago, a good student, a fair defensive end. I returned twelve years later a long-haired writer with two hands to soft they might have belonged to a debate. Shortly after the move back, I stopped by the monthly fire meeting. The chief announced me into the fire garage. He is a stout man, burly but friendly. By day, he dispatches freight trucks. "Try on these boots," he said. "We've got a helmet around here somewhere." Someone handed me a soft pair

## Remove danger and fire fighting is fun. You get toys, you get to drive fast, you get to spray water.

long commutation voice, the boots were picking up coffee for the drive to work. I wanted to ride to work for diesel, and one of them turned to look at me.

"Fire?" he asked. I was wearing sooty fire pants and a fire helmet, and my shirt was soot-covered.

"Yep," I answered.

"Why?"

"Our north a ways."

"No soot?"

"From spending."

WE REGULARLY MAKE the millennium with out 911. Until last month, whether for a grass fire or a heart attack, you dialed a seven-digit number that rang in the homes of everyone in the department. Now we're answered by phone, but some people survive. The old-timers still call the old number, and the first person to the fire hall will trigger the water-down sire.

Around the fire hall, boys who stay above up at a pair of backbars, a truck, a furnace, a carpenter, a machine, and a brother of five. There are two sets of three brothers in the department. One of my younger brothers contacted me, it is his

level more of us have a personal image for danger, a desire to be tested, to survive—literally—is fuel by fire. I feel this recklessness sometimes, but it never lasts long. Five *Reader* Magazine runs a column titled "In the Line of Duty." It never lacks material. Article VI, Section 5, of our department's bylaws, a copy of which you are provided upon joining, outlines the procedure for draping the headquarters in mourning.

Of course, remove the danger and fire fighting is just plain fun. You get full-grown toys, you get to drive fast, and you get to spray water. Guys who join up for these reasons start off in their first fire, and it's a crash, and they're all "hot damn" and "rock 'n' roll." Then the fire ends, and we spend three hours mopping up, and then another two hours back at the station scrubbing hoses and running drills, and two or three calls later they just turn off the lights.

Many small towns, volunteers feel an unbridled sense of civic duty. I see it as an alternative to writing a check for some bureaucratic municipality. We like the idea that when there is trouble, we're

old fire guys—backers, don't be called. A larger or a burn pack showed me how to shift the pumps, his cigarette a single-dart dot dancing from window to window.

The local fire board does eventually require that you attend a fire-fighting course. Ours was held with fascinating results. About ladders, for instance. We learned about aerial ladders, ground ladders, extension ladders, roof ladders, attic ladders, and pump-up—or reeling—ladders. The bell and the fly. The lasso for positioning a ladder fly-in or fly-out. Drop and punch, hook and tangle. Rops and raps. Trust blocks, no cools, and tension poles. You'll find a set of angled spikes at the base of some ladders, they're called butt spurs. Some-like accountants for a "downside," or some sort of anti-panic anchors. We learned not to simply park a ladder off the track and use it any which way. For every foot of wall height, the butt of the ladder should be four inches out from the wall. The fly should be raised at least three raps above the roofline. A few years back, our local department decided to relocate ladder placement at the Lutheran church. Fire officials argue to



FIND OUT  
WHY

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warm the prints. They'd gotten the tracks around and the ladders up when here he came, running down the middle of the street from the garage in his slippers, robe flapping, eyes wide.

The training exercises were a lark. We learned to uncoil a fifty-foot roll of hose by understanding it like a bowling ball. We moved a respirator to see who could grip it most quickly. We practiced spraying figure eights, the fist, three-inch hose still and moving, shuddering with the power of pressurized water. Once, the largest machine in class—well over six feet tall, 250-pound range—let his antennae lapse at the nozzle. The hose tipped him over as easily as if he had been nudged by an elephant. We had a good laugh.

The instructor arranged an obstacle course. I forced my nose, swaddled from helmet to steel-toed boots in heavy neoprene gear, waded in the entrance, pebbled surroundings of the SCBA mask, that transparent barrier between smoke and pink lungs, able to hear little beside the eye buff and chuff of the respirator. I felt only sudor and grime, the way I'd felt as a child scared

lost my grip on his strip. The line we slithered sounded, an echoing rattle, blundering, ringing. A thought penetrated soot, swaddles. You can do this thing.

Nonetheless, fire is a terrifying enemy. It has an undeniable pull. It lures you close, darts you made for as a firefighter, you must look beyond fire's hypnotic face. You see fire, you see it believe and strip, you watch it die in anger, another phase, and you are mesmerized into believing it has no more shape than a coal flurrie as a firefighter, fire is fundamentally geometric. Five minutes into our first evening class, the instructor drew a triangular diagram on the chalkboard. Then he labeled each point: heat, fuel, and oxygen. "The fire triangle," he announced. "The fire triangle isn't fire, it is only the potential for fire. For fire made manifest, you need one more ingredient: an accelerated chemical reaction. The fire acceleration," and the instructor, replacing the triangle. He looked around the room. "Remove any one element of the combination and you put out the fire." It's that simple.

Until you get there. The geometry of fire is one thing. The behavior of fire is

another—more and a half tons of mass at motion, ready to catch me goofing off, push me straight on a curve, drive me so far into the bag, when they'll have no fish me out with a cable. There was a pie chart in fire class regarding this year, and a fire green slice of it fast in my head: 30 percent firefighter deaths occur on the road to or from the fire. When it comes time to cross, I think of the scale, the rain the wheel with both hands, hold my back straight as if I were balancing eggs on my head. As if the alignment of my spine could keep the truck from rolling over.

For all the cinematic potential—screaming sirens, rushing shops of hose, steam, molten orange smoke, forming the black night sky—most firefighters dread have very little moment when the firefighters who die spectacularly—often in a matter of flame with a child in his arms—is a reality, but a reality more likely, he'll be crushed under a falling wall. Get burned by a waterlogged hose. Fall through a floor. Touch a ladder too power line. Run out of air in some hallway. Or have a plain, old-fashioned heart attack. Bloody, fire fighting is

## You see fire and you are mesmerized into believing that it has no more shape than a soul.

up in the darkness inside a cardboard box. We crawled around the course in pairs, the back partner clinging to the strap on the leader's hip. Always partner up, never become separated, said the instructor. Gripping the strap, hand-down, unable to see, I tried to raise my head. The oxygen hose strained, giving the mark from my face, breaking the seal. A snarl of air burst out around my ears. I released the mask and the breathing stopped. I still couldn't see. Struggling forward, I heard a chuff. My oxygen tank had struck the underside of a fire track, wedging me against the floor. It was suddenly as heavy. The measured huff and chuff of the respirator became more insistent. Claustrophobia pressed in. Sweat leaked to my skin. The moisture sensor attached to my collar began to cone. An orange flasher flared. Heat. Dark smoke, thick as poison pudding. Pinned against the concrete, unable to see, unable to move, I suddenly understood what panic for oxygen might drive a man to do. I sucked air out of the tank faster and faster, waiting to, trying to keep up with my heartbeat. My partner weighed five. I

another. It grows in volatile stages. First, the incipient phase, in which a fire is born. Rollout, in which considerable vapors accumulate at ceiling level, then explode into a rolling "fire broom." The fire-brooding phase. Flashover, in which a entire room becomes superheated to the point of simultaneous ignition. The smoldering phase. And then, the Hollywood-friendly grandiosity of them all: backdraft. If a fire is a tightly sealed house cycles through the phases and depletes the available oxygen, it will settle into a brooding crisis. The house grows fat as, and if you enter your as through the door, you'll be blown across the yard like a flaming marshmallow out of a blast furnace. Should you realize, you will likely die as in the nearest instant occur here any.

But you can't just focus on the fire. A house is burning. I was alone in a fire track, dashing through the darkness. The strobes sweep the swamp, slither across the saw grass. I hold the wide wheel, won't through the grass. In the snarl of my back, I can feel the wild momentum of twenty-three hundred gallons of shelling

about ourselves. The bottle merely casts its terror compact or drop rapidly. Oh, it's dangerous, all right, and not to be taken lightly, but when we're basically doing our thing, when we had our hoses out to crackling momentum and smoking giraffes, up smoldering close, over swirling rooftops, and down into basements, is trying to—on the old-time way—put the wet stuff on the red stuff.

SPRINKLER, A former calls. He's been playing corn near a swamp. His orange tractor has backfired, and the sparks have lit last year's bleached century grass. By the time I got there, the truck buggy is parked at the edge of the field. The lieutenant I'd drunk last week is heading down back-pick cars. I was toward to the front of the buggy, and he was right between the eyes with a stream of water. "Know what that was fast?" He's going wide. I got back, slung into the shoulder straps. And then we jog off toward the tree line, hauling our wet stuff toward the red stuff, a lumbering pair of disconcerting growths, looking to turn into bedlam into swarms. ■



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# FAT GUY FROM CLEVELAND WALKS INTO A BAR...

Esquire

BY  
SCOTT  
FRANK

PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY LARRY FORD

There  
have been  
times in  
his life when  
Drew Carey  
has not  
been heard.  
Right now  
is not one  
of them.









and somebody put a two-inch dildo in my bag—they stuck it in on the surface of it so it would show on the X-ray machine. So I go to the back and, and they bring my bag back to take a second look. I don't know why they do it, but it doesn't bother me. Then I sit waiting away and I hear the guy goes, 'Is it the guy from the TV show?' But I'm used to people talking about me when I'm there. I go to Casey's Palace, and I'm in a room with an air duct for the weekend, and that's what I find in the top of my bag. I have to complain when there was someone. 'Wow, look what I've found in my bag.'

"At first, I kind of laughed it off. Then I thought, 'What if I did get caught with it? I don't want that in the tabloids—that's the last thing I want. I was pissed. I really was pissed. I went back, and all day Monday I didn't talk to anybody, all day Tuesday I didn't talk to anybody. I was waiting for somebody to come up and apologize. I just carried this anger with me the whole network.'

"I ended up having to apologize to them for being so angry. I should've never said that. They were performing a role. Five years ago, that would've hurt the funniest joke I would've thought. 'Oh, what a great prank.' I would've planned to get 'em back. Just because I'm on TV and I'm worried about how much I'm worth and what'll affect the earnings—I got even madder at myself."

**WHAT'S THE WORST THING ABOUT—NO I'M SORRY, I CAN'T GET THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR GIGARS.**

**DOES THE TERM "RED RIGHT 88" BOTHER YOU—**

"Oh, my God." Carey jumps before I can finish the question, a fearful of someone already knows where he goes. Tonight, we're in the upstairs dining room at the Empress, where Carey takes the stage every Thursday night to host his unscripted chats with married friends and occasional Drew. 'What Line Is It Anyway?' but I did not come here to eat or sit the show. I have a job to do. I need to determine whether Drew Carey truly is the ex-Cleveland he portrays on his TV show.

The man has three points. Red Right 88 is the only one. Even a half-sized Cleveland Brown fan knows that Red Right 88 was the pass play called by Brown head coach Sam Rutigliano on second-and-nine at the Oakland three-yard line with less than a minute to play in Cleveland's 16-13 win on January 4, 1991, in a playoff game in which Brown took home its last blow—the worst draft failure in NFL history—when a fumbling field goal would've won the game and quarterback Brown Sept. webbed a duck into the end zone and into the warning arm of a Raider with forty-nine ticks on the clock.

Carey puts down his fork—you know he's eating—and reveals precisely where he was: the restaurant that Rutigliano's brow and Sept's own were dealt in a betting hall in Vegas, where he lived at the time. "Dean Plaza," he says, before moving. "I was pissed to the exact spot in the corner of the room where I was standing."

Not bad, but not enough. Hell, you remember Red Right 88 as my man and don't tell you the expression that other box at the Empress's coffee ring was eating that afternoon, and then she'll slip you and. You can come from Cleveland and not be a Clevelander. It's ridiculous, however because the choice may seem to consider, for a man to wear the oak-leaved and-orange chip of painting, despair, and impotent rage as a mere accessory flit to be a true Clevelander is to suffer deeply and without sarcasm, and to suffer thus is to be a true Clevelander.

As exciting as the interception was, the true Clevelander is never satisfied to this day by what Sam Rutigliano—find not long after and last seen coaching football at Jerry Falwell's Liberty College—said to Brown Sept after the interception, is right those

and breakfast fans find their brains about from their seats and headed into the dark of another endless winter. Hence, part two, which I repeat now to Carey.

"I love you, Brian. I love you."

"Shut up," he pleads. "I've got a comedy show to do in an hour."

"The last part of our act is there reflection. John. It's. Why?"

"I love you, Brian. To this day, I've never played Drew—fucking him. If they were entertainment, I've never played Drew. I hate myself for saying it—it's really better—but I hate him. Fucking Buckley. Buckley. You are the most gay in the world. It's not his fault he's gay. For Cleveland he's cooperative. In reality, I really don't wish anyone any ill will. But fuck him. I hope he breaks his leg. I hope he has grandkids a long time—oh, God. There he is."

"And Michael Jordan. I don't like Michael Jordan, either. Fuck him, too. Him and 'the Star.' Brian the Cars every time. I'm glad he's leaving. I don't like Jerry Bradshaw. Alvin Karpis—he made that catch in Milwaukee—I held it against all these mother fuckers, anybody who ever lost Cleveland in a game, I hold it against you. I hate it as a personal thing. Fuck you all."

Supper is done, the act finished. We are silent outside, the Lake Erie wind howling through our hairs.

**WHEN CAREY TAKES THE STAGE, THE FULL HOUSE FEELS HIS MACHINE** goes through five vintage minutes of his stand-up act—with two TV shows, he hasn't written any new material in a while—and brings up the rest of the group. Carey participates, but it's clear that he's an angry apparition. After years of commencing the stage show, Carey has no work at his chosen spot, or, better, at meeting his needs. His biggest laugh comes when he lifts his shirt while standing in profile, displaying more belly in one second than most southern Californians see in a lifetime.

After the show, out on Madison Avenue, Carey is just hanging out, getting hair and juggling with his cronies, when a long-haired gay with half a head on wanders up to him. His name is Dan Whitney, and he's a comic, too, working out of Florida at small clubs as a clown character he calls Larry the Cable Guy. He and Carey go back a ways, and they shake hands and shake the one about the hillbilly who seems a professor at the local college.

"Wheddy's what?" he asks.

"Logic."

"Logic? What the hell's that?"

"Perhaps it would be better if I demonstrated it for you. Tell me, do you own a Wood Estate?"

"Sure do."

"Well, then, logic tells me if you own a Wood Estate, you have a yard and, therefore, a house. Furthermore, if you have a house, it's logical that you have a family, and being a wife, I'd be presuming by means of logic, the fact that you own a Wood Estate means that you are, in fact, a heterosexual man."

"Cleveland," says the hillbilly. "True logic of yours, my friend."

Back home, the hillbilly's talking with his neighbor about the professor of logic.

"Logic?" the neighbor asks. "What the hell's that?"

"Let me show you," says the hillbilly. "You got a Wood Estate?"

"None."

"Fudge."

When Carey heads back into the club, Whitney cracks a smile. He wants me to know that he's headed for a work in Albany, New York, where Larry the Cable Guy is apparently huge.

"Fuck," he mutters, shaking his head, also clearing his ship.

"I'm happier than Drew Carey. Just head, also clearing his ship. I don't have the heart to tell him she's probably out, and that's a tale a size 12."

# The Secret Life of a Beautiful Woman

1961:  
Holly Golightly.

1999:  
Oh. My. God.

*By Mike Sager*

She loves big silver cowboy buckles and chewy red Swedish fish, three-inch Gucci stiletto heels and Lamborghini trucks. She hates being alone. She doesn't kiss on the first date. She feels high highs and low lows, often in rapid succession. Sometimes she'll push you away because she wants you to



SHOOTING: JEFFREY MAYER FOR VICE





"It all came naturally, and I'm thankful. I'm a happy person. I'm a grounded person. I'm an honest person. I'm living the best life that I could ever be living. And if some of that is because I'm beautiful, I mean, *holy shit!* I am what I am, you know?"

her tiny home town in southern California. One night he just went off, calling her the devil, making their big cabin, saying they'd never marry, because she'd appeared naked in three million ways. It was a dark time for both women, and every evening, schedules permitting, they'd confabulate as usual, break out the wine and one of Bonchik's master weed pipes, and take their respective turns on the bed, where they. They called it the Therese Couch.

Nixdale has just returned from Las Vegas with a 100-carat diamond ring on his finger. When the usual wave of floods and hurricanes hit his Goats subunit, they immediately called Nixdale, the third of their triune trio. Now Nixdale is here with them in voice and spirit, via speakerphone. She recently married Jim Ziering, an actor on *Severely Disabled*, 90210. The rule among their women is that your mate comes first; it's been quite a while since they've all been together in the same room. The federal level is displeased.

"I know, I know, I know!" cackles Netaah, throwing a fit in the air.

"So what are you gonna do, man, live in Vegas?" asks 34-ke. A former dental hygienist from Ontario County, 34-ke was Miss September 1997, placed on her control in front of a fan base on her net. She is a blond of the boobtube variety, known on her circle of friends for her devilish laugh, her quick tongue, her ability to move the five women in alphabetical order in less than a minute.

"I [the producer] was on place here," says Nembo, another beauty in bloom, hooty eye address, another point girl made larger than life through surgery. In her *Playboy* heyday (March 1994), she was pictured as a happy chick, coquettish as the desert. She is in lush again among the land of men who read *Playboy* as the Playmate. Why? She's the Siren. Shouty after her paternal car, she found God [and the youth journal] and refused to participate in any prurient. Her disappearing act served unwittingly to create a cult following. Recently, the *Playboy* plant from the dossier pictured as her comestful sold for more than a thousand dollars to an anonymous man-collector. You can find her as her own Web site, a *Playboy* in girl's spot on TV.

"You could always stay with a man you work," offers Brooks. "You know you'll always have a man wherever you live."

\*Abdullah\* groans Noah, a gasped. "I don't know I don't know! Because I'm starting to get sad now, guys. I am not moving away!"

"You're not getting away, but you are getting married," advises Nikita, somewhat sure, the voice of experience. When Nikita came home at 4:00 A.M. after that fateful night out with the girls, intoxicated and scared, her husband was none too pleased. They'd been out real barely a month. She'd converted to Judaism for him, and Jews, he informed her as the sun began to rise, don't believe in tattoos. Two days later, she had a hairy tattooist.

was scheduled for three more but didn't keep the appointments like coronal beams and shows, other family

"You mean she has to actually live with him?" asks Brooke, playfully incredulous, pointing on a cackling Marilyn Monroe voice.

They met several years ago at a Fordrick's of Hollywood eat-

[illegible]

While these inner issues remain a big mystery, it is clear that Bosko's concerns as a kind of old mother or elder sister to the group, as a counselor and adviser, a trail blazer who guides the wagons for a night out, as authority on dreamed grades and new leaves, dinner parties and foreign cuisine, hoodlums and clothing stores, style and business and relationship issues. He believes that those made the mistake, that such should never be false, but candies and good smells make a home warm and inviting. So preaches that reverence is the answer, that the way you carry yourself defines the way you're treated, that you should accept as a gift something you can't find, that you should love yourself unless you're sure there are no signs attached, or at least no signs you can't handle.

It was Brooker who first came up with the whole beauty thing. Whenever one of the girls was sad, Brooker would look at her and say, "Don't be a sad beauty," and then she'd place her hands at the top of her head like ears and let them droop. Over time, the beauty thing has taken on a life of its own. If someone is curious, one beauty set goes up. If someone is mean, two, both beauty ears go back. Some times the ears become horns.

Nine, sitting in her seat at the Therapie Couch, celebrating Nick's good news, everything that damned thing, that rock, that huge symbol of lifelong care and commitment phoning there on the third ring of her left hand. Bessie is beginning to feel a little like the old-fashioned one. Nide is happily married. Nemo is in love. Something is up with Garbi, she is sure. She is excited—Oh my God!—she is over. She is ready and willing. She can hardly stand it. But she has also been around way too long to count her children. She's been exposed to one thing. She ducked out of one wedding.

she's a model because of the date. *Q* Was it *John*, in her mother used to say? Because love her cannot, could it very accurately. But she will tell you in a measure that modeling is not just a way to make a living, it's a form of dressing up, a glamorous means of selling one's self. She knows you can't model forever. A few more years and she'll be through with this phase of her life, and that will be perfectly fine. She has never regarded herself as the prettiest girl in the room. Look at her friends—*Moby*—they're all stars. She got into modeling to see how far she could get. She's gone pretty far. She's still going now. We can see that. When she gets out of modeling, she wants it to be a happy one. She wants it to open as if she's making a positive choice. She's going to be a woman growing into another life, moving up to another level. Her dreams and values and ambitions have always been focused upon being a wife and a mother. She was born to these tasks, she believes, was put on the earth for these things. Looking at her, you use barely dramatic. She cares her plans, takes a deep breath of awe. "When you meet her a babe, Nikki?" the asks, her voice feminine and far away.

"Guys! Listen to this!" says Nikko. "I had this dream last night. I was watching some-

each baby. It was a little girl and she looked up at me as my dress and—I know this sounds like, really creepy, but I think my heart. She says to me, in this tiny baby voice 'I'm a really good girl.'"

\*Chubb® means Network  
\*Chubb® means Broker

\*And I was like, I love you 7 seconds. Mike, it was there.

Business: I want a baby son/one business!!

"Definitely," promises Brooks, but when asked if she was thinking of a "Oh my God!"

"Think about it," says Naidu. "The way of us want to be far ahead?"

"No way!" says Breake. [www.fox.com](http://www.fox.com)

<sup>2</sup>For English see *Shukla Nirmala*.

"We could give a share for one group to protect the discount with Google," says Nishikawa.

"We all know which basket is going to be first," says Noah, as he reasons. She reaches over, pats Brooke's playful nose.

"You think it's gonna be Wendy?" asks Brooke, laughing, deflecting, bringing up the name of one of their friends. "Is she still with that pro-fur guy?"

"I was just talking to her," says Nikita. "She says he's really boring."

<sup>a</sup>Then why is she doing his job? asks, laughs.

<sup>24</sup>Is bench? also Noun

"He's got a really big dick!" screams. Side by

<sup>10</sup> "Uncovered" shares: 500.

<sup>10</sup> And the hearse built the next week.

**Barney's feeling fuzzy:** It is Christmas Eve, and the city is a giant swirl of pink and orange and red noses. A cold front has descended over the town, and there is an almost muzzy chill in the air, a strong swirl of wonderland and pine needles and pineapples. Florida has not returned to her usual, lush with soft for Gator



There is a pair of royal-blue silk pajamas, special ordered from Barney's New York. A Hugo Boss lambskin coat, a Ralph Lauren silhouette business-casual blazer, a touch of poetry called *The Last Days of Love*, a Fila's Cat Cat intelligence magnet, a tawny-colored rug from Starbursts. And there is the Big Bang: a huge, soft, fluffy, fuzzy-rose shaggy rug. The last place for the rug: Claudia and were not mutually involved. She declines to elaborate further. She sits now at her dining-room table, swirls in wrapping paper and brown and ribbons red, lace of every color and variety, her hand resting in her hands.

Though shopping usually makes her happy, those Christmas usually makes her *very* happy, though she's going home to visit her family sometimes and that usually makes her extremely happy, she's little down at the moment, has been so for the last two days. Shortly after she and Nevada had gotten off the phone with Niko, Garbi came home and was *very* unhappy to the bedroom, didn't even say hello. When Brooke told him about Nevada's engagement, he barely reacted. When she tried to show him her new photos, he smiled weakly and told her he was tired. [continued on page 15]

# Things a Man Should Know

## About Money



Don't let people who do with their own money tell you how to do it. You can't carry on a conversation with a man who doesn't give it to his penholders. Or give a suggestion. How to give it to his penholders. How to give it to his penholders. How to give it to his penholders.

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The IRS reward for taxpayers who do not pay their taxes is increased by 10 percent.

If you don't pay your taxes, you might want to keep it to yourself.

Never tell anyone how much you make.

Money saving products that are a good idea: potato chips, garbage bags, beer, toilet paper.

Money saving products that are not a good idea: potato chips, garbage bags, beer, toilet paper.

Anytime you receive a package through the following message: In one's lifetime, I am going to give you...

Give someone a dollar if they give you a dollar. It's a good idea.

Give someone a dollar if they give you a dollar. It's a good idea.

Give someone a dollar if they give you a dollar. It's a good idea.

Give someone a dollar if they give you a dollar. It's a good idea.

Give someone a dollar if they give you a dollar. It's a good idea.

Give someone a dollar if they give you a dollar. It's a good idea.

Give someone a dollar if they give you a dollar. It's a good idea.

Amount you will have paid your credit card company at the end of the first year: \$10,000.

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The Hollywood Three-Way take someone to lunch. Split the check. Subject the entire bill to your rich playmate's whims. While off the bill on your terms.

Money eight percent of American CEOs are worth. The CEO of Intel Inc. is a woman. Her name is Sandra.

The average American doctor makes \$400,000. The average American doctor makes \$400,000. The average American doctor makes \$400,000.

Things people do with money: buy a house, buy a car, buy a boat, buy a plane, buy a yacht, buy a mansion, buy a castle, buy a kingdom, buy a country, buy a world.

Don't let your child put money in his mouth.

Number of children whose parents are in a bigger business: 100,000.

Number of children whose parents are in a bigger business: 100,000.

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Number of children whose parents are in a bigger business: 100,000.

But it's not so hard as trying to pay your medical insurance and put two kids through school on an hourly wage.

Money eight percent of American CEOs are worth. The CEO of Intel Inc. is a woman. Her name is Sandra.

The average American doctor makes \$400,000. The average American doctor makes \$400,000. The average American doctor makes \$400,000.

Things people do with money: buy a house, buy a car, buy a boat, buy a plane, buy a yacht, buy a mansion, buy a castle, buy a kingdom, buy a country, buy a world.

Don't let your child put money in his mouth.

Number of children whose parents are in a bigger business: 100,000.

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Number of children whose parents are in a bigger business: 100,000.

Especially when they're hooked. If you have time to clip coupons, you need a job.

How do you get a job? If you don't have a job, you need a job. If you don't have a job, you need a job.

How do you get a job? If you don't have a job, you need a job. If you don't have a job, you need a job.

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How do you get a job? If you don't have a job, you need a job. If you don't have a job, you need a job.

The only sure way to double your money is to let it be half. A rich man is good. A rich man is good. A rich man is good.

Never gamble on anything that can take. Never gamble on anything that can take. Never gamble on anything that can take.

Do keep your eye on a man at a place called "Mama's". Do keep your eye on a man at a place called "Mama's". Do keep your eye on a man at a place called "Mama's".

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Photographs by Brian Smale

# The First Hundred Hours

By Charles P. Pierce

FDR's First Hundred Days set the course of a nation in crisis. JFK had only the Thousand Days, and his too-brief term still resonates. And Jesse Ventura? Governor Jesse Ventura? Let us examine...

It was deep in the snowy dawn woods, and it was the end of the morning, but the sky was so thick with the snow that it might as well have been the evening. Walking through these woods, you could hear skimming, rustling behind the falling snow, the way that clashing sand is caught from out of the stroke of the dreamer's bones. You could hear a fox spurring the woods as noisy and broken and alive as the ring calls.









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grown calm and  
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Duty And  
with this in  
well that is  
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clothes that have  
a decidedly  
finery edge.

After coasting in the Gulf of Mexico for thirty-two hours, the ship, which may be the U.S. *USS Zumwalt*, America's newest nuclear-powered aircraft carrier, the ship need its two nuclear reactors can take him and his crewmates anywhere in the world at up to thirty knots, which—though not speedboat fast—is pretty impressive for a fully loaded ton of steel. Pay-as-you-go tickets \$125 by air; round-trip \$250 by air, round-trip.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



If you're one of the millions of people who have a hard time getting a good night's sleep, you may be interested in the new book, *How to Sleep*, by Dr. William Dement. The book is available in paperback for \$10.95. It's a practical guide to the art of sleeping, and it's written by a leading expert on the subject. Dr. Dement is a professor of psychiatry at the University of California, San Diego, and he's also the author of the book, *The New York Times*, which is a leading authority on the subject of sleep. The book is a must-read for anyone who has trouble sleeping. It's a practical guide to the art of sleeping, and it's written by a leading expert on the subject. Dr. Dement is a professor of psychiatry at the University of California, San Diego, and he's also the author of the book, *The New York Times*, which is a leading authority on the subject of sleep. The book is a must-read for anyone who has trouble sleeping.





It took a pair of intention, timing, and a handful of friends to become a star. In 1991, while the rest of the world was still recovering from the shock of the 1989 earthquake, a young man named Chris Rock was in the city, looking for a way to make a name for himself. He was a comedian, and he was a writer. He was a man who had a way with words. He was a man who had a way with a crowd. He was a man who had a way with a star.

Thanks to boxer, squishy  
mats are like on floors,  
except that most boxers  
aren't as close. Near right  
open left. Center left top  
35-1 and center center  
gums (1-15) by Heston  
Lung, leather boots (1-15)  
by Timberland. Mesh-cotton  
t-shirt top (1-15) and cotton  
cotton pants (1-15) by Polo  
jumps (1-15). Leather boots  
(1-15) by Timberland. Far  
right in background: Center  
1-15 (1-15) by Polo jumps  
(1-15). Cotton-cotton boots  
Polo by Ralph Lauren.  
Leather boots (1-15) by  
Kutson's code.

Despite their obvious affinity for the water, naval aviators more will often go on a float for months at a time without once spending time topside—especially those working deep inside a carrier, so they still retain a link to Breuer's beach, part of the North Island base that right, from left: Long, sleeveless cotton shirt (\$74; Gap) and full-length cotton trousers (\$55; Polo by Ralph Lauren, cotton T-shirt \$55) and cotton trousers (\$50; Polo by Ralph Lauren, cotton T-shirt \$55) and cotton trousers (\$44) by Polo Jeans Co.



# What I've Learned Ted Williams

Baseball player, 80, Hernando, Florida  
Interviewed by Scott Raab, August 28, 1998

The bigger people are in life, the more big-league they are. That's been my experience. You meet less stars the higher up you go.  
Some guys are just a little more inherently tough than the next guy. I think that's God-given genetics. I wanted to play baseball. I don't know why, but I wanted to play. I had the opportunity, and I had drive. And talent. I heard some guy say it, "Boy, that kid really looks good. He's quick. He's got good vision." I said, "If this guy thinks I've got quick vision now, wait'd die as fast time he sees me." I don't envy Bill Clinton, but I am appreciative of him. He's done a lot of good things. And his wife—to me, she's the Joan of Arc of this country. Boy, I'll tell you, she's terrific. She has stuck with the guy. She's the greatest strength he's got.  
Democrats are a strange breed. Although the greatest American we'll ever know in our lifetime is Roosevelt, no question about it. He wasn't my particular hero, but I give him tons of credit as president. But he could have been a little under-the-table, too, you know.  
Ya gotta be ready for the football.  
I decided I'd have a Cadillac. What the hell. I was kind of successful, and certainly it's a prodigious car. I got more takers in that car. I figured, also, they're just looking for Cadillacs so they can grab 'em for speeding.  
I could have started smoking in the late twenties, but I didn't. I knew that nicotine could attack every weakness in a person's body.  
DiMaggio's the greatest player I ever saw.  
The most fun I ever had in my life was hittin' a baseball. And the best sound I ever heard in my life was a ball hit with a bat. Poem? *Poem?*  
I take two things into consideration if you're a guest: the city you're from and your exposure to baseball.  
Fishers are dumb. They don't play but once every four days. They're scratcher' them as or picker' their nose or something the rest of the time. They're pickin', most of 'em, because they can't do anything else.  
In order to be called great, ya gotta have the circumstances surrounding ya.  
I was a United States Marine pilot. It was the greatest experience of my life, and the greatest people in the world that I ever met were in the Marine Corps. The two things that I'm proud of in my life, one is that I was a marine. The other thing is that I was lucky enough to play the game I loved.  
Bob Feller's the greatest pitcher I ever saw.  
The best? I don't really believe that. In my heart, I can't say and believe that I was any better than Lou Gehrig or Babe Ruth or Ty Cobb.  
I'm not sure in my own mind that there's a superior being. I don't have that much faith.  
Rogers Hornsby was some kind of guy. Everybody thinks, Oh, Hornsby—what a mean bastard. He treated me like a son, couldn't have been nicer. And he gave me the greatest single piece of advice on hitting that I ever got. Wait for a good pitch to hit.  
Sixty feet six inches. If it had been two feet either way, it would have changed the whole thing. For a real smart son of a bitch. I'm an old, dumb ballplayer and a real smart son of a bitch. ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN WELSH/RETNA





## DWB\*

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THAT MANY OF THE MOTORISTS PULLED OVER ON THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY ARE BLACK OR HISPANIC. YOU MAY HAVE ATTRIBUTED THIS TO SOME KIND OF UNSPOKEN LAW-ENFORCEMENT RACISM. YOU MAY BE SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT IT'S THE RESULT OF A FEDERAL PROGRAM. CALLED OPERATION PIPELINE...YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK.

By Carl Webb

THE ROAD STOP WAS THE LAST ONE FOR THE 1987 Buick Wildcat. The engine stopped on I-405 north of Los Angeles. The car was stuck in traffic. The driver, a black man, was looking out the window. He was looking at the police car. He was looking at the police car. He was looking at the police car.

Instead, from the cab of the car, he saw a police officer. The officer was looking at the car. The officer was looking at the car. The officer was looking at the car. The officer was looking at the car. The officer was looking at the car.

In the video equipment is being tested. A camera is being tested. A camera is being tested. A camera is being tested. A camera is being tested. A camera is being tested. A camera is being tested. A camera is being tested. A camera is being tested. A camera is being tested.

When you see a police car...

KEVIN MURPHY  
DRIVING THROUGH BEVERLY HILLS ON  
THE RIGHT HE WAS HIS FAVORITE  
DRIVER. IN 1986, HE WAS PULLED  
OVER AND QUESTIONED. SPONSORED  
BUT HE TRICKED THE RACE OF DRIVERS  
STOPPED BY POLICE

The television monitor flickers on and we see a slinky black-and-white shot of a gangly man in a checkered shirt. He is standing by a car, alongside some highway on the boardwalk, under trucks rumbling by. On the tape, it is the dead of winter, overcast and blustery, and the man keeps brushing long strands of hair from his eyes as he nervously answers questions from the two African state troopers towering over him. He is, no doubt, some jolted hillbilly plucked from the traffic stream by two cops who have been specially trained—like us—to spot suspicious characters.

The troopers give the man the once-over and tell him they want to search his car. He reluctantly agrees and is shoved into the backseat of their unoccupied patrol car, behind the dash-mounted video camera, and from there on, we watch through his eyes as the Pipeline train unloads his car.

When the trunk lid pops open, the man begins to whimper. When one of the troopers reaches in and seizes a black plastic garbage bag from the head of the patrol car, he lets loose with a pining all-caps shriek.

"Help me! Help me, God! Help me, God! Please, God, save me! Oh, God, Oh, God, Oh, God!"

He keeps it up, alternating between wails and moans, for what seems like an eternity, gathering at the window he is cowering up to his rear future. Just when he seems finished, when it seems certain his lungs can take no more, he starts up again, screaming even louder than before. "Oh, God, save me! Oh, save me! Please! Please save me!"

"Now, look, look," our instructor says excitedly, pointing at the screen. "The troopers are finally gonna hear him!"

As a good cop, he's right. The troopers lean inside the patrol car, one of the cops looks up slowly from the Scanner's trunk and gives the camera a pensive glance. Comedy.

The classroom explodes with laughter.

**CURTIS V. RODRIGUEZ IS A SAN JOSE LAWYER. HE LOOKS LIKE FORTYTHREE THOUSAND FIFTY YEARS, HAS A COUPLE KIDS, OWNS A HOUSE, DRIVES A NICE CAR. HE'S A PRIME EXAMPLE OF AN EMERGING ARMY IN CALIFORNIA: EDUCATED AT URBAN PROFESSIONS WHO HAPPEN ACROSS TO LIVE WHERE THEY WANT.**

Last June, he and a friend, fellow attorney Arturo Hernandez, drove Rodriguez's Mazda Miata to a Midwest on a weekend legal talk, taking pictures of a client's house. On their way through the windy Pacheco Pass, in the mountain range separating the Pacific coast from the dusty farms of the San Joaquin Valley, they saw some cars that had been pulled over and were being searched by California Highway Patrol officers. In every instance, it seemed, the car's driver was a dark-skinned male.

On the way back, hours later, they saw more. One after another, every couple of miles.

"After seeing the third car in a row—same deal, drivers in a dark-skinned Latino and the cops have them standing off on the side of the road—Art and I looked at each other and said, 'Do you believe that?'" Rodriguez says. "It was obvious when they were stopped. It's not like there are just many dark-skinned Latinos on the road, but that's all they had. And for the camera out and started taking pictures of the stops, because we figured no one would believe us."

Hernandez began snapping away, getting photos of a fourth car whose darkly complexioned being being questioned by the roadside. An Miata was seized by the fifth such vehicle, a highway patrolman looked up and saw Hernandez with the Olympus. So, the Miata's narrow mirror was filled with the chrome grille of the trooper's land-cruising Crown Victoria.

"You driving like a nut," Rodriguez recalls. "You going under

## YOU MEAN YOU PULLED OVER SOMEONE BECAUSE HE LOOKED LIKE A DRUG DEALER? THE JUDGES GASPED. WHAT WAS YOUR PROBABLE CAUSE?

the speed limit, straight down the middle of the lane. There's nothing he can do to me. But he turns on his lights and pulls me over. He walks a pail and tells me I was weaving, which is a total lie, because I was driving that car like it was on rails."

The trooper then told Rodriguez his wanted to search the Miata, and Rodriguez scoffed. To hell with that, he thought. I didn't go to law school for nothing. No way, he told the officer, and I am coming to a search. I know my constitutional rights, Art and I are criminal lawyers. The Fourth Amendment protects us from this kind of nonsense. If you want to search the car, get a warrant. Otherwise, just give me a ticket and let me go.

The trooper was unmoved. He looked at the two attorneys calmly and ordered them out of the vehicle. From here on my life, he informed them in a monosyllable. The passenger made various motions, which gave me the right to search your car under my own safety. Rodriguez's license and registration were taken back to the cruiser, where a drug dog worked at them meticulously. Not surprisingly, the search turned up nothing.

Rodriguez was dumbfounded. "The whole thing was about as cheap as you can get. He had no cause to pull me over. He had no reason to search my car. He knows I'm a lawyer, and he goes ahead and does it anyway! So the thing I'm wondering is, what happens to the people who aren't lawyers?"

What sometimes happens is this: They get frisked, and stuffed by dogs, their luggage gets damaged or lost and, on occasion, their cars are towed away and dismantled back at the police station. Other times, their vehicles are taken apart at the spot. If they're lucky, they are simply left standing alongside the road, frisked and myriated, holding an expensive article that they didn't deserve and wondering why, out of all the cars on the highway, the police came after them.

In most cases, it can be summed up in two words: Operation Pipeline. It is the most successful urban enforcement program since Rodriguez had been pulled up and spit out by one of the federal government's most aggressive antidrug campaigns, a joint venture cousin of a program launched by the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration and run by hundreds of state and local police agencies across the country. Over the past thirteen years, Operation Pipeline has been waging an expanding and largely invisible war on the nation's highways against "mules," people who haul cash and drugs for drug dealers. In its time, Pipeline has scored some impressive victories. But as with any war, it has left considerable collateral damage in its wake: legions of law-abiding motorists who have been ridiculed, interrogated, and searched simply because they looked or acted funny—or happened next to be white.

"It isn't just blacks and Hispanics, though they do seem to be the majority," says Utah attorney W. Andrew McCullough. "In my experience, any motorist who looks different in a cabdriver for getting pulled over by these fellows."

Complaints of racially motivated traffic enforcement are nothing new, of course. But in the last couple of years, these complaints have become louder and more persistent. Some legal experts, such as constitutional law professor David A. Harris of the University of Toledo, believe we are in the midst of a "national

**ROBERT VONEL**  
Pioneer of the Highway drug. When  
about twelve years old, he became  
California's Pioneer. "You can't  
get that dark color for drug  
business," says the white, Jewish.



That perception has been strengthened by recent civil-rights suits filed in Maryland and New Jersey and statistical analyses from North Carolina and Florida proving that on some highway, the traffic laws have been enforced far more stringently against black-skinned drivers. Because of these documented cases of race-based racism, Democratic congressman John Conyers of Michigan was able to persuade the Republicans in the House last year to pass a bill requiring traffic police to record the race of the drivers they stop so that the phenomenon could be studied nationally, but the measure died in the Senate. Last September, the California legislature overwhelmingly passed a similar bill—sponsored by Senator Kevin Murray of Los Angeles, who himself had been subjected to a questionable law-suit—only to see it vetoed by Governor Pete Wilson.

For the most part, police characterize these cases as isolated lapses in judgment by rogue officers or insensitive police commanders who've sent out the "wrong signal" to the troops. But when no one has seemed to notice or care if the threat that cops carry out of these seemingly unrelated cases has emboldened a profession called Operation Pipeline.

I ended up inside Pipeline last summer as an investigator for the California Legislature after hearing stories from law-enforcement sources about special CHP units that were pulling Latino motorists off the freeways on a whim and roving them in on other motorists, cash, and drugs. What was happening on California's highways, I discovered, was happening across the country—methodically and with increasing frequency.

Operation Pipeline has helped give rise to a new carphobia in the minority community: DWI, Driving While Black, or Driving While Brown. Yet few outside of law-enforcement circles have even heard of Operation Pipeline.

The DEA, Operation Pipeline's federal sponsor, doesn't talk about it much, which is odd, since the agency considers Pipeline to be "one of the nation's most effective drug-enforcement programs."

But with 301 police commands in thirty-eight states now participating in Pipeline in some fashion—from the tiny Porterville Police Department in Minnesota to the New York State Police—the program is in danger of becoming a victim of its own success. The problem here seems to be obvious: the CHP that the agency recently established as a major combatant of Pipeline is going.

Two months before Camille Rodden had his car towed, a reporter had asked a Watsonville California Highway Patrol sergeant to explain the operating principle behind this campaign to remove contraband from highway travelers. The answer: violence, violence, violence.

"It's their members," he said. "Our guys make a lot of stops. You've got to lose a lot of drugs before you find a peace." California Highway Patrol cars have killed nearly thirty-four thousand drivers in 1997. Only 2 percent of them were carrying drugs. In other states, up to 95 percent of all Pipeline searches have been issued to be drug-free.

An Ohio trooper testified in a drug-suitcase case a few years ago that he'd personally conducted 711 searches in a single year, sometimes for no other reason than to keep up practice. The state judge, James Reagan, was outraged.

"If we really stop all wrong all agencies and officers who are actively using routine traffic stops to search the vehicles of citizens they suspect of no crime, the number of individual citizens being asked to relinquish their privacy rights . . . is staggering," Reagan wrote.

Within the past year, according to one DEA official, Attorney General Janet Reno and her top aides have begun asking ques-

tions about Pipeline, wondering why the program keeps spawning complaints from black and Hispanic motorists and lawsuits accusing the police of racism and selective enforcement.

Frankly, it's not much of a mystery. The answer can be found in the readily accessible story of 193, a four-line criminal corridor that crosses through the desolate central swamps of Florida. It's where Operation Pipeline arose and where it goes to become what it is today.

**USE THE INDICATORS OF THE INDICATORS CENTER HOW RELIABLE THAT A PERSON'S PERSONALITY CAN BE DIVIDED FROM THE SHAPE OF HIS SKULL.** Robert L. Vogel Jr. believes he can spot drug traffickers from the general cut of their lip.

"Bob has a God given sixth sense," Vogel's drug-borne wife, Vivian, says confidently. "A lot of people are judges of that or don't understand it."

Vogel discovered his unusual talent in the mid-1980s, while working as a Florida state trooper, chasing I-95 inside Daytona Beach and Port Orange, looking for amphetamine. Common drivers, he noticed, gave him a bad feeling inside. When he searched their cars, he would frequently find drugs or weapons.

A copact, subcompact Vespa scooter with black leather motorcycle to Richard Gray, Bob Vogel is a disheveled, methodical man, serious about his job, so he began compiling his observations about the drivers who set off the alarm bells in his head. He discovered common traits among them and gathered them together into a list of "indicators," which he began internally checking off whenever he pulled someone over.

He broke down the indicators into two types: physical and behavioral. The physical indicators were the ones that could be ascertained the moment of his quarry's car. Such things as car plates and papers, rider direction and radio numbers, were obvious. But there were many more. Cops regard the indicators as something akin to a magician's secret. Our Pipeline instructor warned against discussing them in court but "the bad guys" find out. But in truth, records of these can be found in a good public library. Among the most common:

- Air fresheners, especially the ones that look like leaves or little pine trees. Pipeline cops call them "the lily lily leaves." They can be used to mask the odor of drugs. Flavored toilet tissue, coffee grounds, or laundry detergent lying around in a box says something odd to some.

- Fast-food wrappers on the floor. Evidence of "hand made" suggests a desire not to leave the drug load, even to get a ur-down smell. Pillows and blankets in the car tell under this rubric as well.

- Maps with notes circled on them. A circled "drug source" or "drug destination"—which covers just about all major cities—is more evidence of a motorist's true nature.

- Tolls on the floor, for easy access to these hidden compartments full of drugs and money. Tinted windows, new tires on an older car, or high ignition on a new car arrive sometimes again.

- A single key in the ignition. Most people, presumably, have lots of keys on their key chain. Solitary keys suggest someone who handled the driver's key.

- No mouth luggage for a long trip or no mouth luggage for a short one. Rental cars are extremely suspicious, as is no auto-stop instruction card here in someone else's name.

Vogel acknowledges that each of these indicators can be found in the cars of innocent citizens and, by itself, is no indicator of criminal activity. But when they are found in combination, he asserts, it means you've got a potential drug mule on your hands. Spotting them is nothing more than good, basic police work, he says, and, as shown by the thousands of drug seizures Pipeline units make every year, obviously he's right.

But it's when you get to the next step—the behavioral indicators—that things get a bit more, that Vogel's work goes from car to play. It's also when, good, basic police work can sometimes create an excess and oversteering. In a deposition in 1997, Dash state trooper Paul Mangione, one of the nation's best-known Operation Pipeline instructors and a frequent consultant to other police agencies, offered an insight into how the behavioral indicators work. "The worst of criminal investigation is being able to read people. And there are things a good police and a drug guy do that are a definite tip-off," Mangione explained. "I don't accurately read this, but on a freeway, you're stopping somebody, like to pull up in the middle lane, traffic permitting, and observe the individual."

"Now, when you pull up alongside of somebody and take a look at them," Mangione was asked, "would this be any way to motorist or somebody that has already arrested you a criminal?"

"Somebody that I've already decided I'm going to stop. I want to see his reaction to I pull up alongside of him. For example, will he make eye contact with me? And I remember that if a guy is doing something illegal, ninety-percent one of a hundred he won't look at you. Number two, he knows good and well that you are there, and he's going to have a death grip that morning wheel, and you can probably use that his handsets are coming loose. That's a very good indicator that guy is dirty. Something is slipped out of his."

Other indicators, he said, are notoriety like "estrays, nose rings, eyelid tags. Those are things that are common denizens with people who are involved with crime. There would go along with that," particularly notions of "marijuana leaves."

Rampant racism also gives him a first for the soul of the driver

**THE POLICE OFFICER ASKS THE MAN IF HE HAS HIS LICENSE OVER HOW HE IS DOING. "NOT VERY GOOD, THE MAN REPLIES. "COULD BE WORSE." THE OFFICER SAYS, "COULD BE BLACK."**

"Discarded stickers are things that almost—the people in those kinds of vehicles are almost always associated with drugs."

How about ACU stickers? "Look, I look for them."

"What about, for instance, Hispanics in an act of mere vehemence?"

"A lot of Hispanics are marijuana smokers," Mangione said. "That's common knowledge. I don't think it matters whether they're in an oral state vehicle or not."

What if he saw pornography in the car? "I would certainly have a belief that drug could be in the vehicle."

Not surprisingly, such unorthodox car-fighting techniques were not immediately embraced by the courts. In Florida, Bob Vogel was named as something of an exhibit at two judges, he learned, were simply anxious to make admissions for a look with characteristics.

When the federal allegedly racist court of appeals got a look at Vogel's police work, the judges dismissed it as illegal, racist, unorthodox, and possibly as American. You mean you pulled over someone because you thought he looked like a drug dealer? The judges asked. What was your probable cause?

"That trooper Vogel's 'hunch' about the appellants proved correct as perhaps a tribute to his police's intuition, but it is not sufficient to justify, on your face, a seizure," the judge wrote in a 1996 opinion. To conduct Vogel's methods, they wrote, would mean that every car on the road could be pulled over and

searched, which "would run counter to our Constitution's promise against unreasonable searches and seizures."

Undecided by the ruling police rebuke and the questions of some of his bosses, Vogel pleaded alone. "No one else was doing that but me, and there were some people who were nervous about it, but there always has to be someone to set the status," Vogel says quietly. "The nerve here is a quiver."

He looked over the legal opinion and was already changed his approach. Instead of pulling over a driver merely for lacking a stop card, he would find other reasons to stop the daily-lining cars. He focused them by the hundreds in the back volumes of the Florida vehicle code: mostly enforced laws about driving with burned-out license-plate lights, on-off-lake headlights, obscured tags, and windshield cracks. State cities bulge with such clogging prohibitions, some dating from the days of the interstate car age.

"The vehicle code gives me three hundred reasons to pull you over," says CHP officer Mike Lee.

For Vogel, it was the perfect answer to his problem. Since it's virtually impossible for drivers to get ten feet without violating some obscure ordinance, Vogel would simply tug along and wait for it to happen. Then he would prove. Nobody could complain about that, he was only enforcing the traffic laws of the State of Florida. And with that one release, Operation Pipeline was up and running.

After Vogel pulled a car over he would search it, and, too strongly, sometimes he would find drugs. Once in a while, he would find a lot of drugs. Newspaper reporters started writing stories about him, marveling at the way he was able to find a massive traffic stop into a major drug bust.

Within a year of being pulled over by the trooper, Bob Vogel was honored four times with law-enforcement awards. 60 Minutes sent down a camera crew and produced a flustering profile depicting a dorky, hardworking policeman trying his best to fight the drug war. Vogel became a local hero. In 1998, he was elected sheriff of Volusia County, and one of his first official acts was to set up a special

uniting him in his image: the oddly named Selective Enforcement Team, head-popped deputies who had Vogel's driving methods installed by the district attorney.

Vogel had his greatest success in Washington as well. By 1995, the DEA had formally selected his highway drug-enforcement system and began funding a training program to teach Vogel's model across the country. (Though Vogel did not invent the notion of using profiles to spot potential drug carriers, he pioneered their adaptation to highway travelers, and my CHP instructors credited him as Pipeline's creator. Persons police use of drug court profiles had been largely confined to airports.)

With DEA financing, training, awards were at an end, they began churning out thousands of Pipeline-style stop cards, officers who would enter more and more thousands more.

It spread like a virus.

**IF YOU CAN EVER CONTACT WITH ONE OF THE FIVE THOUSAND TROOPERS WHO OPERATE PIPELINE GRACE CURRENTLY CRUISING THE HIGHWAYS, CHANCES ARE YOU'LL NEVER KNOW IT. THE OFFICER WHO PULLS YOU OVER WILL THINK THE SAME ABOUT OTHER TRAFFIC STOP. SURELY, SOME BODIES. SOME ON. HE WILL NOT TALK TO YOU AS A TRAFFIC OFFICER, AND YOU WILL NEVER SUSPECT IT, BECAUSE, AFTER ALL, WHO EVER HEARD OF DRUG AGENTS PULLING OUT TICKETS FOR TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS?**

The mechanics of a Pipeline-style stop are much like a seizure, except the trooper is the only one who sees the music or knows



CURTIS AGONZALEZ  
LAWYER, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA  
On June 4, 1992, was driving to a  
client's home when he noticed  
COP officers pulling over a man  
with dark clothing. Agonzalez, though  
taking pictures and not interest  
ground over and over.

the steps—all of which lead inexorably to a thorough search of your car.

"I'm looking for anything that will get me in the car or get him out of the car," Utah trooper Mangelsen explained in his 1997 deposition.

Because of various court rulings and constitutional implications, steps must be done delicately and in the proper order, so as not to encroach on your rights.

It will begin like any traffic stop. You'll be asked for your license and registration, and while looking over your papers, the officer will ask you a series of questions about your travel plans. He'll be friendly and polite. Are you heading? How long will you be there? He'll ask what you do for a living, or something equally innocuous.

"And when I'm doing this, you know, I'm not seeing their pulling you," Mangelsen said. "I'm doing it in a way that you probably don't even realize what I'm doing."

What he's doing is called an investigation, and your responses are being searched very closely. Did you have to check before an owner? Did you report his gun? Are you being too helpful, too cooperative, or too talkative? These are all bad signs, as bad as incriminating answers. If you have a passenger, the passenger will be taken off to the side and interrogated separately. The officer will check to see if your stories match.

"Crashback on the road area—how can I put it? I've always used this theory. If a guy can convince me of his legitimacy of being where he is or where he's going, then there's probably not much unusual activity going on," Mangelsen said. "But by the same token, if the mile he's going to San Luis, and I say, 'What takes you to San Luis?' and he goes, 'I'm going to see a friend.' Well, I see. 'What's your friend's name?' and he doesn't know the friend's name or he starts name-dropping the well, I ask, 'What's his address?' He's now becoming extremely nervous, and he can't tell me the friend's address, doesn't know the phone number. 'How are you going to your friend if you don't know his address or phone number?' By now, he's crumbling. The cops are poking me on the side of the neck and you can see his heart beating there and his hands are shaking and his mouth can dry, he can't even tell me. You know he's lying. And he knows I'm onto him."

The indications are telling us. No indicators, no problem. Unless you see a gun or a kilo of cocaine lying on the front seat or see. He'll be looked closer. You may not even get a return. Many Pikeson officers don't want them or even only enough of them to maintain the facade that they are traffic policemen.

If your car and you are on the high side, however, this is what will happen. You'll be given your papers back, and then the officer will hang around and make up a conversation. What most drivers don't realize is that at this point, they have magically crossed into a whole new legal scenario. At the moment you license and registration are returned, you are technically free to leave. In the eyes of the law, the traffic stop is over. Now you and Officer Friendly are just having a "casual" chat. And your new friend is free to talk you anything.

From here, it's almost a script.

You'll be told that the local police have been having a problem with people carrying guns and drugs along this part of the highway, but they're doing that best to stop it. Good, you may say. Glad to hear it. The officer will nod and say he's happy you see it that way. By the way, you wouldn't happen to have any guns or drugs in your car, would you?

Me? You will ask. Oh, no. Of course not.

Then the officer will look at you and say, "Then you don't mind if I take a look-see, do you?"

If you're like most out of ten people who get asked this question, you'll gulp and say, No, no, I don't go right ahead.

You'll be asked to come—onto or on paper—to a search, but don't think too hard or hesitate to comply, because those are main indicators of drug trafficking, as is refusing to allow the search. [And here's where things can get dangerous, where the psychopaths who won't be taken might pull his gun. 1992 Pikeson stop at which Agonzalez was shot was a short cut that killed the officer and wounded his suspect. And that past January, a veteran Pikeson officer in Georgia was murdered during a stop.]

"If they refuse, the smell's out of the truck," said CIOF instructor of the summer of 1992. A refusal parties calling out the cops and leaving a drug-selling can't take a walk around your car. If he gets a whiff of something, the cop doesn't need your permission anymore.

Most drivers consent. This can authorize a complete search of everything, including your luggage and your person. It allows the officer literally to take your car apart with an air hammer, which has happened. One of the CIOF's first Pikeson officers, Richard Henderson, was hospitalized for carrying an electric screwdriver in his pocket and an unlicensed, unlicensed, unlicensed, trunk lid, and a large body panel, right by the side of the road.

"Once they've got a car," said CIOF instructor Mike M., "they're dug their own grave."

DEPUTY LEO GARCIA WAS ASSIGNED TO DEPUTY ROBERT'S SELECTIVE EMPLOYMENT Team in 1989. A casual street officer, Garcia would be sent around to all houses to walk his drug dog, Gordo, near the curb. The MCI squad had pulled over an I-85. Lots of times, he'd be out on the highway at 3:00 A.M., signaling through windows with a flashlight, driving down past-traffic's windows. He'd be behind the wheel. He didn't want. Garcia was shocked to have been chosen to work with Vega's crew. The sheriff took good care of his house, outside, inside, inside, inside, inside. By all accounts, Vega was equally shocked to have Leo Garcia on his team, and he recommended the officer repeatedly.

"This is to you, our drug and money interdiction program is working," Vega wrote in one enthusiastic letter.

The son of a New Mexico state senator, Garcia had come to the Velasco County Sheriff's Office after fifteen years in the U.S. Army in a position as a military police officer. He'd been hired on as a full-time officer in 1985 at \$39.50 an hour and was in position. "When I finally got to be a deputy, I felt that we had my good life."

But his wife, Angie, began noticing that her husband was increasingly moody after his shifts. "He'd go home sometimes after being out on that highway," she says, "and he'd just be shaking his head, and I'd ask him what was wrong, and he'd say, 'You want to believe what they're doing out there.'"

Garcia says he never discovered the extent of Vega's highly trained, highly motivated, and very dangerous. The cops continued on money drives, following the universe of indications to those they thought most likely to have drugs or guns, even though, in reality, drugs and guns turn up in searches of their vehicles with the same frequency as in those of their drivers. Garcia says he was present at a gathering of deputies on the median of I-85 when Vega announced them to focus their attention on black and Hispanic drivers. Vega doesn't think that happened, but another deputy, Frank Jaramila, came from Garcia's story.

Well, it wasn't as if Garcia needed to hear it from the sheriff's mouth. "I knew who they were targeting. I saw the people from black, mostly, and they were all being pulled over for nothing. The black cars were the only cars I know of that were able to stay in a line. Black people just couldn't stay in a line."

What Circo was witnessing in Volusia County was not an aberration. As more and more police departments signed up for Operation Pipeline, it began happening in other places, too. Some states the police didn't even bother to look it. Georgia state troopers told an Atlanta reporter in 1987 that they watched for rented cars from south Florida driven by blacks or Latinos.

Officer Richard Curtis of the Lexington, Kentucky, police department admitted under oath in a drug-interdiction case that race was one of the indicators looked at, in next-out-of-state license plates. In another case, Alabama state trooper John Galtire testified that his indicators included "Jew's plates" and "Mexican

The "cocaine courier profile" used by the New Mexico State Police along I-40 northbound is common in the late 1980s. The only two indicators: "The vehicle occupants are usually resident aliens from Colombia." This profile, it turned out, had been sent to police departments nationwide by the DEA's El Paso Intelligence Center, the department that manages the Pipeline program and provides its annual funding of roughly \$800,000.

frankly by the fact that the vast majority of minority law enforcement officers of El Paso County, Colorado—which encompasses the city proper of El Paso—started out to settle a class-action suit filed on behalf of 402 black and Hispanic officers who had been stopped and searched by the High Country Drug Task Force, a pipeline area funded directly by the DEA. The task force “systematically violated the constitutional [sic] protected rights of blacks and Hispanics to travel and be free from unreasonable searches,” U.S. district judge James Carrigan wrote in a blistering criticism of the program in 1990. The evidence that race was used as an indicator, Carrigan ruled, was “undenialable,” and such practices constituted “a racial movement.”

Federal public defender Bryan Lesley obtained internal Jackson State Police records showing that the number of Hispanics being stopped on the highways near Grants Pass by a pipeline unit was "grossly out of proportion" to the number of Hispanics on the road. He uncovered state police training manuals that told Pipeline students a "high percentage" of narcotics traffickers were Hispanic.

In New Jersey, state police *Profile One* units assigned to the search-and-seizure of the White Tigerlet were found by a superior court judge to have had "at least a de facto policy" of targeting blacks for investigation and arrest," which resulted in the dismissal of six hundred cases. A former New Jersey state trooper, Kenneth Wilson, admitted in a sworn statement that he was trained to target blacks and Hispanics. A statistical analysis by James Lamborn of Temple University backed up Wilson's claims. Lamborn found that though blacks made up only 13 percent of the drivers on the turnpike, they accounted for nearly half the stops made by drug-seeking troopers.

The Maryland State Police may perhaps be the biggest catalyst in the end of the program's history. In 1992, when a *People's Temple* affiliate owned a black family in a rental car outside Washington, D.C., ordered them out into the rain, and they ran a red light, ending up in and out of their car over their rear passenger door, the Maryland State Police were alerted. Two law enforcement officers, Robert Williams, a public defender who was a member of the group, and a family friend in Clarksburg, Williams described the Maryland State Police who is a member of the group and stopped a police car that forced the officers to keep detailed records of their activities stops for the next three years. The results were more proof of *People's Temple's* abuse of its members. Of the 732 people who were detained and searched during 1993 and 1994, 600 were black and 5 percent Hispanic. The Maryland AGCU has filed numerous civil-rights law based on these figures.

A. ISLAND/NEESELF? WOMAN IN A SLASH-BEET PYROQUEEN PURR IS 20% OF MEAT A chance, I think. Next is a rascal a rat, driving a gigantic whale Lisa looks Navigator, 20% please pointed to her car. Mr. Business. With my back, he'd run out to be a lawyer. Plus: A teenage girl in her mom's sister's wig. Dingo. Then comes the carload of Mexicans.

They look so rough they're having one hell of a time, laughing, arms hanging out the window. Then they spot the CHP officer I'm working on, and the party is over. They look around furtively, sit up straight, won't meet my nasty gaze. The driver begins practicing the one-and-one-hand position on the steering wheel that he probably hasn't used since driver's ed. Bangs. A whole bunch of nodding heads elsewhere. These cars are mass.

This is the result of my first drill using the lessons I gained from Pipeline school. I am sitting in the front seat of the lead instructor's patrol car, shaded by a pine oak. We are parked perpendicular to a bi-modal two-lane highway in the hills beyond Sausalito, California, checking out the sparse mainstreaming traffic. It is day two of my Pipeline training class, and I am putting my newly acquired observational skills to the test.

Not only has instructed me to look for Mexicans, in fact, we were informed that racial profiling is illegal and frowned upon. But we were also taught that it is the Colombians and the Mexicans who are criminals bringing most of the dope in and that a lot of drug mules are hired off the coast of Tijuana for \$500 a cash. Not many prisons I've seen fit that dozen sooo.

Plus, the Mexicans just look dirty to me. What are they doing, I wonder, doing around, yidding it up at 10:30 in the morning in the middle of the week? I am at work. Why aren't they? And if they are unemployed, where'd they get the money for that nice Mexican

### CONCLUSIONS

LAWRENCE, WILLIAMSON, JR. &  
SON, INC., 1000 North Main Street

He hit his way back from a lousy funeral in Chicago on May 4, 1968, was pulled over by Maryland State Police. He and his family were made to stand in the rain while inspectors used a dog to search his car.



And then Evaluate the problem with Clearance, Positive

If I were looking for unsafe drivers, as most people tend to, I wouldn't make any difference to car what the driver looked like or how he acted when he drove by or whether I thought he could afford the car. All I would care about would be how he was driving.

But that's not my job as a Pipeline officer. My job is to get drugs and guns off the highway, so I look for people who look like they might have them. And since I have only a limited time out on the highway each day, I'm not going to waste it pulling over people who look like they're spending extra—people who look like me and me alone. And you know what?

I remember what my narrators told me repeatedly. If something appears "abnormal," overstep. Always ask yourself whether this is something that you would do or say. If not, be polite. And suddenly, the barrier for determining who gets pulled over and searched is a fairly young white suburban woman's vision of normalcy. Most of the white people I have seen doing by. There is, admit, lack of police control to me that the Mexicans don't. Plus, there are all those undercover, their seriousness upon seeing a police car, the air freeder dropping from the mirror, their readiness to refuse to look at me.

It's no wonder, I realize, that 90 percent of the people treated by the CHPs Pipeline govt during the last two years have been uninsured. They were good a chance.

If I were enslaved to do so, I could tell them over and over again to not satisfy my curiosity. Maybe I would find something—long-haired women, a loaded gun, a hole or two of cocaine or morphine or heroin. Or maybe just a miserable load of people going from left to right, not owing me the answer (or an explanation). But if I do this long enough and use the information I've learned to tell over a volume of people, I will eventually find criminals. That was a big bag of dope in the Serengeti's trunk, after all. But does that purely seeing the behavior not at the discomfort of other moments—the brown eyes when they see my salary and give their regards—when I will whisper: Will they think about me and search for me for a trade?

And what of the enormous waste of police manpower that goes into stopping and searching thousands of cars in what is nothing more than a search for a few bad apples? Is this too? Even the cops admit that highway stoppages don't make a dent in the quarter-billion dollar a year American narcotics industry. So, in the end, one is left to wonder: What is the point of all this harassment, this inefficiency, this hunkry? Is it really a way of finding contraband? Or is it, perhaps, a way of dominating us as a force in which we will be utterly *disarmed*, stopped, and frisked by the police—the notion of *arrested*?

**ON THE WAY TO A BETTER, SAFER, UNCLUTTERED HIGHWAY: THE HOV-3 method of stopping people for motor traffic violations is in order to smooth their way for drugs.** An officer's real reason for pulling over a car isn't motor-vehicle law, the justices said, as long as some type of traffic offense—no matter how trivial—occurred first. It made no difference that the motor-vehicle codes gave the cops a legitimate "angle out almost whenever they wish for a stop," Justice Antonin Scalia wrote. It was not the role of the Supreme Court to decide whether there were too many traffic laws or which ones should no longer be enforced.

Since that ruling, known as the *Whren* decision, state and local police participation in Operation Pipeline has soared. Enrollment in DEA training schools are way up. "After *Whren*," one of our CLE instructors told me, "the arrest was over. We won."

Lowell, another Supreme Court decision, rejecting the stretch of 18 lines (approximately one-seventh) probable cause, was widely

led to the media as reinforcing the privacy rights of drivers that since Pipeline officers are trained to legally justify a "reasonable suspicion," or, of course, get the driver's permission, before searching a car, that court decision may actually boost the popularity of Operation Pipeline.

That's why it's so ironic that Bob Vogel is no longer on the front lines of this particular war. Though his methods have received the stamp of unanimous approval from the highest court in the land, he's quit coaching and has morphed into his drug-addiction program. After a while, he said, it just wasn't worth it.

In 1993, *The Glades*, *Coastal Ocean*, *Southwest*, *South* and *North* are

In 1992, *El Comercio* (Lima) began printing stories that exposed alleged Vopco's SET use of being more chingos who were swindling money from innocent travelers. The newspaper said it found nearly two hundred cases in which depuses had taken a driver's cash but made no arrests, and 90 percent of these cases involved taxi drivers.

And then the tapes came out. It seemed Vogel's boys had been videotaping their steps for poetry, and 148 hours of them were turned over to the newspaper. Example: a May 16, 1990, stop-of-a-whirl driver SET surgeon Dale Anderson struts up to the car and asks the man how he's doing.

"Could be worse," Audemont reminds him. "Could be black." The civil-rights signs flew fast and furious after that. The U.S.

The Southern won a Pulitzer prize for its report, a fact that grates on Vogel to this day. "Anybody who uses those names would have thought I was some racist, tobacco-chomng, lilly-fesh, stonking southern-think," he complains. He leans forward slightly and asks me, notaskedly, if I was aware that the editor who oversaw the Southern's coverage was an African-American.

Eventually, the hubbub subsided. The discrimination suits were dismissed after federal judges declared that they had no convincing evidence of racial inquest. And the Justice Department, while monitoring daily about Vogel's methods, declined to prosecute him on civil-rights charges, reportedly because it didn't think a race would convict him.

Critics called the organization a *whistleblower*, but there was more involved than that. History, for one thing. For more than a decade, Bob Vogel's congressional system has been officially endorsed, financed, and sponsored by the DRA—an arm of the Justice Department. Having Operant as Popeline's catalyst brought up an federal civil rights changes would have put the Justice Dept. name and every other police agency involved in a rather well-known spot, especially when so many civil rights acts were pending.

Vogel uses that as total vindication. "I've been investigated by just about everyone—the FBI, the Justice Department, the NAACP, the ACLU—and they haven't been able to win a solitary case," he says. "This whole thing is something that drug lawyers glibbed about all day to try to beat some arrest by dragging over into."

If that's true, he is asked, then why has this program had such reputed racial results in state after state? Why are the winners so one-sided?

Vogel smiles. "Let me have my assistant, Leroy Davis, come in and answer that question for you. He might have an explanation for it." A few minutes later, Chief Bishop Davis, a large, friendly black man, sits down and solemnly assures me that the reason so many blacks and Hispanics are being pulled over is because so many of them are involved in the drug business.

Vogel was sent to his chief deputy, nodding. But he doesn't use a word. ■

ESQUIRE  
STYLE

# THE NATURAL

ESQUIRE PICKS THE BEST OF CLASSIC SUMMER SUITS—THOSE PLUMP, COMFORTABLE COTTON JOBS SURE TO HELP A MAN BEAT THE HEAT ON THE HOTTEST OF DAYS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRU STEELE



Usually when you think white out, you think dressy formal, but these sets—with their laid-back, button-down shirts and abbreviated trousers—do best at doing casual settings, such as we under the stars last night or on the water in the lake. For maximum A word of caution: you'll be sure to make them with baggy pants or rather than 1 inch and half a inch button front shirt—unless you know you'll be looking for the Coast Guard. **MAIL: OPPOSITE PAGE:** Before you buy a white-cotton suit, ask for the best. **THIS PAGE:** After the first, the second is the best. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** After the first, the second is the best.



The bulletin of a single summer card, is an old-fashioned, in fact, these are **PRICES** are quite modest. You see that is the aim, not the very narrow limits, and the cost of materials of paper, ink, and so on. **THIS PAGE** shows three bulletins from the Bulletin of the (1) 1914 by H. Sander. **OPPOSITE PAGE** shows two bulletins from the Bulletin of the (2) 1914 by H. Sander.





# The Chef Should Drink

AND TEN OTHER TIPS FOR A GUY IN THE KITCHEN, FROM AMERICA'S FOREMOST INTERPRETER OF ITALIAN CUISINE, THE MARVELOUSLY ROBUST MARIO BATALI

“

**Salt, sort of the earth**

First, when you're shopping, pay attention. Things like salt aren't just salt. Easy, really good sea salt—there's a hell of a lot more complexity to sea salt than to Morton's. It makes all the difference in all the flavors of your cooking. Just like in wine, where you get different flavors from different parts of the vine, it's the same thing in the sea. If you get really good sea salt like Arco del Ginepro from Sicily, there's a mineral flavor, and it's almost indescribable, but if you use

any expensive, single-estate-produced sea-salt olive oil from Tuscany, that's thirty-five or forty dollars a bottle, and you splash it on food right before it goes to the table, that's another flavor dimension that makes things taste remarkably more interesting. I have three favorites: Castello d'Ara, Cipocolino, and from California, one called Salento. You can get them at gourmet stores.

**How would it impact?**

Equipment. Let's talk about equipment. I have the Braun Digestiv Blender. It makes any emulsion easy. You can make an emulsified vinaigrette out of anything—mustard, onions, and chickpeas—and it adds a very professional flavor to the cooking with out doing any reductions. You take cooked vegetables, you puree them with a little mustard, extra-virgin olive oil, and vinegar, and you have a flavored vinaigrette that you can easily toss with a salad or use as a sauce for grilled fish, grilled meats, whatever. And it has that smooth creaminess.

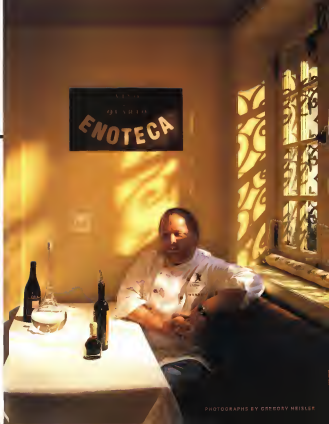
**What are you?—Mario Batali?**

Equipment-wise, you don't need four hundred knives like the ones they want to sell you at the fancy gourmet stores. You need a chef's knife, you need a paring knife, and you need a fish knife. I like Wusthof, Trident, Chicago Cutlery, and Sabador. When you really want or a little. The more carbon steel you can get in it, the better. Even though it doesn't look cosmetically beautiful, and you kind of have to clean it up almost every time you use it, carbon steel retains the blade a lot longer. The same with saws, pans, depending on how many people you're serving in your house, you really need about four or

five or six ingredients and you can upgrade at any level and use the better one. That important flavor sticks to really get around your style of food, and people will notice it.

**Not just any virgin will do**

When you do buy extra virgin olive oil, you buy two different kinds. First, the commercial, like the stuff, Colavita or Sasso, and use that for cooking everything. Then you





five, a twelve, and a ten inch sauté pan (both stainless), a pasta pot, and a couple of sauté pans. And don't spend more money on a place setting than you expend on a dinner at your local restaurant. Simple as that. Who are you impressing with fancy plates? The simple ones—just sage white ones. That's what we've got.

#### Shop first, ask questions later

The single most important thing you can do as a cook: Cook seasonally. Don't buy apples just in December, it just can't be that good. Don't buy strawberries in January. They can't be that good. And if they're in season, for example, are good from July to October. Support the local green market. As opposed to planning your menu and then going shopping, go shopping first. Figure out what is the best stuff.

And then consider your menu. That's what drives great food. That's what we do every day. Shop, come back and then figure out what we're going to make.

#### Ripe and wintry get more mileage

A good, easy thing to do at home: Consider not serving dessert sometimes and have a cheese course instead. Go to a great cheese store, choose three perfectly aged cheeses. Get a specialty, sticky one, a hard one like the wonderful king of cheeses, parmigiano reggiano, and maybe something a little weird—a goat cheese. A shop's milk cheese, something with a little age on it. Serve them with a little fruit—berries. Put up pears, whatever it is, season—at the end of your meal, like they do in Italy. Easy thing, high impact. A lot of people think it's not easy to do now.

#### It takes a lot of takeaways

Another thing to do when you have people over—is really cool to do it really easy to do—is make yourself do buy some seasonal fruit, chop it up raw, garnish it with white berry marmade, serve it on the rocks with a twist of lime. Maybe with herbs, even. We do some at the restaurant with green apples and birch sap. Right now—the recipe is in my cookbook. You don't want chunks of fruit, you don't want a Syrup—just enough to flavor the vinegar. It really makes an impact when guests come into your kitchen and see homemade specialty. Really cool. And you can have one, too, as long as everyone else does. If all your friends are drinking, so are you. Should notice the chef is too.

#### So gets whiter, your meat

Whenever you're serving meat, birds, fowl anything, if you microwave it overnight, in herbs and olive oil—not the expensive oil, the cheaper one—it tastes ten times better. And piece of meat works, too. It adds a soft texture to grilled and roasted stuff that you can't find. Here's another trick: whenever we're finishing meat, we try to put a little something in the marinade that has no clothes in it, so we add a little bit of yogurt. It is a perfect complement. The depth of flavor, sometimes drips out of something like a lamb leg or a leg of lamb or even beef is amazing. You get both flavor and tenderizing. There's a certain amount of lactic acid in it, too. And what that does when a little bit of it comes out is that it makes that rich, smoky sweetness. Amazing.

#### Warming, cold, eat, drink, down

Another important thing: Most people serve their white wines too cold and their red wines too warm. Serve wine at cellar temperature. You don't have to buy one of those expensive wine coolers to do it either. Find a little refrigerator for all of us, it's a little cooler, for saving serving bottles, set it at 40-42 degrees. Put your sets in there the morning of the day you're going to serve them. Then, for the whites, ice them down ten minutes before and you'll get them down to the red lines, which is really ideal. Red wines served at 40 degrees—you can't top them. And when you buy find the stuff in the cracks and corners of a wine store. It's so much interesting to me to have wines at a friend's house that I'm not familiar with. Anybody can buy a Chateau Lafite, and know they're drinking great wine. It takes a real act to find a wine from Chateau that tastes as good and costs only seven bucks.

#### And finally, always, always

Don't throw people out of the kitchen. Get all your friends into the kitchen. If you can have a party where there isn't a dining room, it's better. Everyone enjoys it a heck of a lot more. They can participate to a certain level. And the more you get the better. Also practice your place. That's just French for having your staff together—checking, planning, thinking—before you cook. Having everything in the last minute and doing it with a little bit of preparation makes the point. The beauty of the whole thing is that it's hard. The best things, family style. Don't try to make restaurant food at home. Make home food at home. ■

”

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THE HORIZONTAL FALL OF YOUTH, A GRAVITY LESSON.

ESQUIRE  
FICTION

MY FATHER IS DRIVING IN DANCE, though I don't necessarily know that yet as I drive to Vegas with Josko. I do know my dad is a flower driver for Miami politicians and, instead of serious surveys, he crams two airmen clips and a military shoe-chop back into his suitcase. It's 1993, and I'm going to Vegas because I'm still in those hairy couple years after high school when I read a lot of esoteric magazines, drink with secretaries at Reagan's every angle, and take things at face value. I'm taking anthropology, my first course at Riverside Community College, and Josko said I had done all day for future, an electronics firm that makes black-walnut cattle boxes and will shortly be shut down by the FCC. Because us, we have 244 TV channels.

BY  
ADAM  
JOHNSON

My favorite viewing is always the live coverage on the Ciudad Muzumpani Network. Josko prefers the Playboy Channel, whose only movie I remember being in *The Black Dog*, a sex-cure in which, following an emergency landing on a desert island, wealthy aristocrats screw women on deflatable rafts, yellow two-seater slides, pulley carts, and even a fiery-throated horned puke-eagler tail engine. What the crew doesn't know is that the sex is being transmitted by the high-data accident, which leads to hilarity when the Coast Guard comes to "rescue" them. Getting the Playboy Channel has for yourself a simple-pet connect-two-potential-conversations-makes-into-a-P-9 experience, then feeds the dude with an alligator clip.

Josko's from Reno, and we make the hop every couple weeks, though not doing it usually to get a David Light show (there are about eight or a dozen of mind-boggling-bingo before we drop us a light house to six hundred nervousness waiting for the guess light. Oh David, I'll try. For Josko, the best I can do is drink weapons. Today, we are drinking around of flying because of FAA rules. You can't take potpourri around (especially on commercial airlines, Josko has a whole box of those, a ridiculously large cardboard box for the dozen red scarves the label says are within). They're a special gift for a friend who has a

"death thing," Jimba says. The box doesn't have airholes and is so light I don't believe there's anything in there—there can't be Jimba's excited to see what's inside, keeps talking about opening it, though he wants me to do it. But the trick is life, it seems to me so far, is learning to tolerate the not knowing. I can take the life or leave it.

Jumbo's big, into-death, and-out heart on Nevada is all his describing, this new indoor skydiving attraction we're going to try when we get there. I don't tell him my mythology: teachers say death rides are a mix of sky worship and disaster warning, both primitive kinds of koreopay. I can't explain it the way my teacher does, so outside the zone he'll just tell Jumbo, "Let's go, already."

Detouring over the Hoover Dam, Jimbo limps hard into the canyon curves, chasing the twin line highway just enough that the scorpion lion slides back and forth as the borch, unreeling light enough that we sit on both grasslands and giant heights, both driving doors not as fast as one. The twin line is a lot more preferable to a good look, a sudden loss of calm, pressure, the way a territory or some at Hoover's will try to lay you by showing us from their place and saying things like "Gern". Thrilling, driving, takes place on odd tracks, especially those that follow the coastline, where the stretch is too tight—right, long, and—opening long after you turn off the TV and go to bed, parts in which the maze is a mystery, and the line, when you're already confused and drowsy.

Following the shadows of giant saguaros and graffiti-covered rock faces, we pull over to take a look at the Huachuca Life Mead. The outcrops are like livers, and we walk through the slender's gravel and gravel gullies to stand among beard-chest-ri Joshua trees. "My old man used to take me up here when I was a kid, to see the burn area," Jimbo says, snapping. Jimbo keeps his dips in his jockeys, so he holds the baggie to his tooth as he points. I look up through overexposed canyon limbs to the bluffs, which are low and could not offer much of a view, then scan the desert scrub rim and its remote birds below.

"You'll need some 1-8 optics for that," I say, using a tracing  
 agent, *Fourth Frontier*.

"We're talking about these makers," Jordan says, "which tend to be large ovens, and most homecooks were basically, the best." Speaking through the Ziploc bag, he goes on to describe how his military would hold a little dummy cup for every explosion, complete with town halls and fire stations. "My old man would flip. Some of the houses were two-stories, with yards and lawns. He'd look through those Bushnell and ask, 'Is there a Cadillac in this driveway? Tell me that's not a Caddy they're gonna cook.' But the whole thing shows that he was a."

Talk of the white flash, which I imagine too clearly, thrust me up as well. We do not go on to discuss either bombs or fire-arms here among the Joshua trees; we just put into their hairy arms and leave.

What would I have to say, anyway?

Actually, I still never know if my father is pulled from his *Rumot* and shot in a slaughter field in west Africa. My only confirmation comes from a man who argues out of nowhere one day and claims to be my father's best friend, who began seeing my mother and finally comes over to meet me from Michigan to Acapulco with her. His name is Tré, and all I know about the whole deal is the sketchy portrait he paints of guarding Mabel's men from tribal warfare, and the general fact that Acapulco is a place where, in long strands of flashing shot, people throw themselves from cliff tops into the foamy sea.

Below: Trid takes my name to bedrock, the daily times we see

For me in L.A. on Sunday mornings, I don't and I both find comfort and watching people (or by itself my movie) is a great thing. I have a great idea and have thirty-five minutes with her before she goes to her table and poses out pillows all the way back to her table in Detroit. The first one is over, I tell it to me and my father only a mile from here from the land across in Africa. "Things are different on the continent," he says, and I watch his teeth. But has knowledge for both. "These screens were coming at us from all sides. There was no dealing with them."

I have yet to watch enough cable movies to know "screens" is

Ted is going to become a saga, but that's not a concern right now. It has no bearing as Jimbo and I drive to Vegas. This story is about amputation.

For three Google years I am unthinkably, so the black roads through Vegas speak nothing to me. I do not think about the people who wander the edges of sidewalkless canyons, the cars that sulk and float in a fumes-to-die light, or the particular streams of Vegas trash that wing, swirl, loiter gallantly. The power lines simply look and rise above us, the sky (early December-blue, and it seems perfectly natural that people loiter in the dips, where freshly blacked streets wash over with a sugar sand

The plan is to get stoned and take a new attraction called *Hiy Away*, which basically consists of indoor skydiving in a room shaped like a padded tube. The n's were on the bottom that keeps you from falling into the B.C.-3 region below. Actually, n's Jumbo's plan: I don't smoke dope, and I'm a big guy. I don't believe I will fly.

Key to the plot is going to be Jamie's old friend Harry. He's the one the songbirds are for. The whole idea out is Harry and Mary, an old-school parade of Mary's memories, but what's important is this: Mary's girlfriend, Tasha, is the pre-light and fly there, the one who says you go, so we're headed to Mary's to get some good dope and the VIP from the goddess. "What'll you get a load of Tasha," Jamie says as we enter the booths outside Vegas. It's pretty stoned, and from his description of Tasha, I know she's the kind of thank-God-it's-Friday secretary I'd work as Rembrandt's.

"Tasha's seen the entire side," he says.  
"The entire side, or what?"

<sup>2</sup> Maybe I'll show her the whole fish." I will have

Julius doesn't quite know what I mean by this, but he likes the sound of it. He smiles and wraps on the gas, sending us full tilt through the newly paved road desert leading to the suburbs. "Where fresh," he means.

Cloning my eyes, I fit the road's grace like me. I feel this. This woman could be my sister, a billion-year-old flight suit, her hair like old-fashioned Volvos, morning aprons, grilling my steps right if I have her hand my beloved brother, morning. A OK, down to it, I follow her into Fly Away's engine room. It is more a modern version of this engine, the DC9, that kills my mother's best friend Tammy, my climbing out of Dallas International. You've seen the footage—the one that goes into the sky river I stay this because Tammy is a dog, not a woman I stare at endlessly as the end my mother at her road's entrance into a school before.

Marty's house is on a pre-shaped lot at the end of a cul-de-sac at West Yagor. It's long and low, hard-lined and brown, the kind of house John Wayne would've lived in if he'd never been famous. Beyond the sprawling roof rise two jagged outcroppings of stone, one with a five-story radio tower that flashes red and amber lights enough to make us wince a bit, even at noon. The light-

glow pattern is two fast and one slow, which warns overhead wires that the conductor has left the normal lane.

On the front steps, we stare into each other, rough-kneed dudes, and jerbo jumps the bell again. "Like I said, Marty's a soap opera case," he whispers. "Don't say anything about his face. He's sensitive about his face."

I'll tell you this: Jimmie's not a good friend. He's shallow and drop-out, and there's a hole in him that will make him say any-  
thing. I'm not a good friend, either. I am asleep in an unusual  
way, and I will not begin to wake up for several years, not until I  
learn the meaning of the word *love*. I will live in Angeles and  
Ted himself has become cool, or close to Super 25

A woman finally answers the door in a UNIV. Russian/Rubels T-shirt she's adorned with glitter and sparkles. She is clearly not happy to see us. I've sex four bags Jordan has an uncle, and he's holding a box labeled LOVE AND MAMA'S PERMISSION.

It takes her three full seconds to place Jumbo, then she turns and walks away.

We let our selves into a room carpeted in cream with its walls, with a black-painted fireplace and a pine-wood bar made from dark wood and weathered green glass. There is an elaborate seven-seater corner room, with tall windows in every wall. Jodie heads straight for a Workner and works its vest leys. "We used to play *Crazy on this*," he says. The walls are covered with photos of Marty, blond haired, blue-eyed. Marty in football uniforms, Marty in a powder blue prom-crown, Marty smiling in front of a white '66 Mustang, which it turns out is the crash vehicle as common

The Ministry of Education sounds the alarm, though, and tried to look at the situation, slightly unopened, with long legs, but that came out of the box. One eye pained down and so he, making him seem like he reversed in something past beyond the tip of his nose. He looks almost dead, which is not what I expected after all of Jimbo's descriptions of the youth some one once drove up. They found the steering wheel in the car, a fucking eye, that's the answer's previous effects. He doesn't even know his dad's name, but he's willing to let his brother and who's on the car's—horrible scenario. The first time they used it in a car crash—and high school dramas—Tasha and I tried to be in the pep in their way were the only ones.

being and they do an elaborate elaborate that ends with a lovely punch and slips into a last look off an imaginary you. "Oh," they smile. There are a lot of "wow"s and "dude"s in their lexicon, and after all this comes that I am standing right next to them, I imagine as sort of a pole that they walk off with out speaking to me, which they do.

I follow close behind runners down the hall, where these two have doors I open the wrong one. Inside are a box or two about fourteen feet long. The wrong one, I think, and he looks back at a blur of runners then, his feet up on the white laminated desk, sending a racing magazine. He looks at me, looks back at the page. That I know this, that the way this is working, that under your shoulder blades after a certain amount of watching, knows how long it takes your ankles to go round from propelling them on a desk. We don't see any of a telephone models and electric cars, a thousand magazines read on top of your sheets, or the doors, anyone would say if they'd read your page the door.

The kid says Jones has a case of *PotCrisis*. It's the non-detraining Rick Kruger's 500 win. Then he does a strange thing. He takes his desk lamp and wavers its flame in the hard ball about 100 feet.

This other story I could tell would be about the following:

years when your father doesn't open the door, it would have to do with the other school you pick up to kill him, about the first lonely night proving ground behind Jason's redneck park, how you can spend whole lunch breaks without taking your eyes off casting cars that stop only to change the drivers. His will run thru into the ground. This different story would have to do with a mythology class in which you discover the gods are all-pervy and their names are hard to remember or the endless class of euros, shows about Athens (a skill). The answer can find from midnight on, or the place your mind goes while waiting for a decade to finally let the report roll.

A seven-foot-high live sound in the next room, just this boy and I look toward the source, our eyes locked on a power of the space itself. There is a white plastic microphone next to my shoulder that magnifies when it comes to life. "9/11 story 10:30, cups?" a man asks over a kind of harking—the boy's dad, I assume. "Where there is no answer, the father says, 'Listen then. The giddle is firing up. The Hammer Baka wears the riss, and they're playing the Bidi.'"

The boy turns the light to his magazine. "Please," he says, with an air of boredom and indifference aimed at me, his father, and life in general. I have nothing clever to add, so I sit.

When it opens, Marty's door, there is a giant snake, but I cry to



an oak. The room's darker than I expect, though I can clearly see the water cage takes up a third of it, framed floor-to-ceiling with steel and chicken wire, and there is a faint smell of cat piss. Mary is sitting on the box of newspapers. He holds it to his eye, his eye running the wires, looking right past me as he looks. He squints some, smirks. Satisfied, he sets it on a pink-covered desk without comment. Mary doesn't need to look in that box and set out, either.

Jumbo reloads the bong and holds it out to me. "Honors be yours, sir, and I do not take it. In less than a week, after I finish my sociology and the doors of Fatima are thrown shut, Jumbo will live me, adequately, on the rack, in a secretory stable room. Friedreichs lives here, I look at him suspiciously. He knows *doigt sensée*, and this woman's enigma is only for Mister! briefly. The waiter hands from a waiting beam at the edge of my vision, on down the left stairs of a Vienna museum table.

Again, one eye pinks down, and the way he has to look on



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*\*These results were reported in TV news stories across the U.S. and around the world and were the basis of a feature on the TV news show "EXTRA."*



# The Male Animal

John C. Reilly, looking you think he can play ball. It's called acting.



## The Un-Natural

Onetime baseball klutz John C. Reilly—who plays Kevin Costner's batboy/wife in the upcoming *For the Love of the Game*—has somehow morphed into a major league look-alike. Thanks to his coaches, come spring season, you can, too.

The man can take sport to the 11th floor wearing a striped shirt. He can pop the big nuts off a sailing masthead in a hurricane. With a plastic Tupperware pitcher, he can grow a head of hair. He can make it through Cops 11 miles on a Montana river. He will make a good baseball player. He can stand from the pits of a ring and also a point man's right shoulder. If you're what the players are.

John C. Reilly, *National Lampoon's Animal House* alumnus, has whatever you want him to be. In the 1980s, he was good and the members said so. Now, having weathered war (the role had him) and under the River King was endless rounds of vodka. Today is right. He has kindly agreed to play it hard and lose a little while we throw shots to the front. At least he will get his wish.

armor for this one: a helmet, a chest protector, a face mask, and one usually important fiberoptic cup.

The only reason Kelly's doing all this is for the love of the game. Universal's star may himself move starting this month, as one of the ball-playing actors. Kevin Costner, as an aging Detroit Tiger pitcher facing the biggest game of his career, And against the Yankees, no less. As the man behind the plate, Kelly's job is to catch anything Costner tosses his way. A challenge for even the most adept actor. But the thirty-three-year-old Kelly has decided to give it a try even at the risk of making a major league fool of himself.

Fortunately, the novice coach has called in the experts. San Francisco sports catcher David Mayne and his father, Mike, an unnamed college coaching coach, have come to Kelly's Los Angeles home to teach him to coach the coach, catch the catch, and scratch the scratch of the big-time playcaller. All in just two weeks before principal filming begins at Yankee Stadium in the Bronx. But is he familiar with catcher's equipment and acrobatic pig pick, or is he would anyone whose grown-up baseball experience is limited to a once-in-five-years pickup soccer White-tail game look surprised "I am to die for," he says. "Can I put this off until the hell I know about baseball?"

**Virtuallyaching, flame-out**  
 "I never played Little League," Remy says, his throwing arm stretched back by his raised catcher's mask. "I don't follow the game. As a kid in Chicago, one pu-

## It's How Bob Uecker Fooled Everyone

**BATTING:** Crouch as if ready to "do the same thing every time you bat." Mike says "Take three quick swings Take time-out with a hand motion to the ump. Knock dirt off your spikes. Crouch again. Adjust yourself. It makes you seem like you have more **FIELDING:** Never use your glove to pick up a dirt ball. Use your throwing hand, getting a firm grip by pushing the ball into the ground. A rolling ball should be scooped up using your glove as a cupped "A good way to train to do this," Mike says, "is to actually slip a dustbin to your glove hand and by that I **CATCHING:** 'aimed the plate,' says Brent, "work the glove leather with your throwing hand prior to setting into position. Before the pitch, gain your dirt as your throwing hand sweeps the ground. That's a sign that you're prepared to receive the ball." **BASERUNNING:** Hold your throwing glove in your hands. "Most kids who can't base run are poor throwers and they're afraid of their coaches," Mike says. "Having gloves in your hands keeps them away from a fast, **SALVAGING:** Learn to split through your two front teeth. "It's just something my player seems to know how to do," Brent says.



From left, Dave Mayne, Kelly and Mike Mayne. Can you spot the real culprit?

would have a sixteen-inch softball, one guy had a fris, the sewer caps were our bases, the ball would hit a car window and the game would be over."

The con begins with the actor swinging a bat. In his attempt to take his way into tri-league form, Lindy steps up to the plate with a white knuckled grip and a humming.

funky chicken stance. His Louisville Slammer oscillates wildly back and forth overhead in staccato. Reilly looks as if he's ready to go clubbing under leather-tipped spurs. "When I first saw John's skill level," Brent hardly an ungenerous sort of fellow, says now, "I got really worried. We had to learn how to swing, how to throw, how to run, how to stand—things I just assumed everybody knew. We didn't."

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 never married - daughter left to marry - died young in the 1940s

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# HARDWARE

**TERRIBLE LIQUID-WOOD-GLE.** To fix, sticky stuff before it soaks deep into the wood. It's not bad because staining creates a stronger wood-to-wood link.

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**PC-7 PLASTIC ADHESIVE.** To fix. Repair the white plastic pipe connecting the air filter to the engine. This unit isn't going to be used in a pipe, but it's a good idea to use a pipe repair cement.

**ELMER'S BEADY BLUE.** To fix. Although instant glue seems perfect for most delicate jobs, it just isn't the best for your driveway. It's not a good idea to use it on a driveway. It's not a good idea to use it on a driveway. It's not a good idea to use it on a driveway.

## GLUE

Usually you just screw it. When it comes to construction jobs, that is. You grab a couple of screws and drive 'em away. But what about joining the kinds of things you use in these projects? We suggest glue for the glory of glue, but when you have to make the glue in your project, you have to make the glue in your project. You have to make the glue in your project. You have to make the glue in your project.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIS + STARR



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also leaves the wolves snarling with rage, slavering over another's necks, roaring at our faces. The boy downs a pool of more over the fence, and a just-disgusted I, too, grab a filler and left it over the short dirt arc you see in the sudden white of a panicked snarl and the falling pools of the densest forest.

We lose back in our skulls then, staring straight at those wolves with our heads cocked in a lazy, catlike way.

"What'd you see yesterday?" I ask him. "I don't know," he says.

There are gods who were created by wolves, but I don't think the details. It was one of the swamp-thrasher questions I missed on the video.

"You'd think they'd agreed on it." "I think it's the wrong form that thing," the boy points toward the tower. "That's what drives them crazy."

Above, I hear another lead on approach. Whistling as it seems to nearly fly in the do some.

Just as it starts my muscle fiber pulls up from Tanner, when it's flying the Concorde. Kingston Chipman's tongue sticks out a work. It is outstretched from Jamaica that my mother's head, an MD-88 wide-body with had fuel line, drops seven thousand feet over Cuba. Banging, with her American skin and closed eyes, with my mother that always happens, then you can learn to love the thrill.

I look up at the fading tower, and this boy's taken a war theory into a certain lead of sense, but the memory of my trying to follow in the air the world these wolves from among over the fence.

The striped pants of this story is that the next day we all go to Fly Away, Jimmy, Marty, and me. It is like a farcical scene when we arrive, the man sitting on the Vegas strip as we wait before a fly, mangled down our back by the Dauphins. In pouring down a first falling stream, limbs out, hair rubbing up like fish, and, knowing this must be hot, it takes the right body and then sound until the door opens to reveal an model. Tasha, in the flesh, looking bored and ornate in yellow sequins and a signal orange pumpkin. It is the actor captured merely perfectly the vulgar and flourish in Tasha's eyes, which can't be any more perfect as her lips and smiling eyelids.

She cycles in Marty and shakes his head. "You were up."

We follow her in the back way, where we see in per flight and the last paying customers of the day leave and Fly Away is ours. Between rows of seating booths, we sit up to see under one or behind the other. I find a queen's body and Jumbo's as an answer of a man, but in the night of me Tasha shakes her head, looks at him, and divides. "I'll need to put you, extra large."

"Where'd you get the seat?" she asks, spying my seatmate.

"I was a kid," I tell her. "Book a rumble." Jumbo and Marty take the line of their deep through a roller paper ride while not out of my slowly and without conversation. Tasha sees in a mere second, watching as I strap on that rubber. She has her straps, comes then replacing them.

"You don't talk much," she says, taking the up of the plugs before screwing them back in. "Not that that's bad."

"What's that mean?"

She leans forward, points at her ear. "What?" she asks. Finally, she looks in to the control room above the flight chamber, where the person changes with a bank of digital numbers and colors. With lock fasteners, we follow her down stairs and into a small chamber, where, in a two hundred six-pouches stand, I fly the pulleys on the walls in red, orange, red and yellow, like the choice upholstery of an old Cadillac. Hovering over the seat much that separates me from the noise, I don't say my fly or fancy moves. I just look eye level with those watching the rules, waiting their turn while it takes too long, as I am held transfixed, taking tonight down the store of a DC-3.

For the colors, there are scenes and sleep out, amazing vaults and gymnastics from Tasha, but I don't really see any of it. After thirty minutes, the engine walls and doors, and we wiggle off our helmets to reveal every, muted face. Marty and Jumbo can pace flight routes, gesturing with their hands like fish, their voices changing with the strange sound of altitude, and I don't feel better.

Tasha comes over and places two fingers on my neck, clicking my pulse on her watch. The more surprised I am at first, but she is gentle in her fingers, and I sense she knows what she's feeling. For she knows in those few seconds, and at this height I can watch how her ribs flex, her ear when she talks to me. "You take everyone's pulse?"

"Only ones that look like you. They gave us a course on it." She reads at the moment below. "You know, that's amazing."

"That's right, wrong with my heart," I tell her. "How do I look?"

"You got that same side on my chest, so over the roof."

"From the outside?"

Marty leans past the edge of that blue pipe on. "Don't get too excited on that couch."

"That's right," says he, and then turns back to me. "You're okay. You look good."

She slips her fingers on my neck, pushes harder.

"We're going on a roller ride," Marty says, slipping his finger on each side of my neck in the dimly lit room.

"Sure," she says. "Whatever."

Jumbo comes up to me. "Right back," he says and goes to do the complicated look with me, leaving my hands holding to keep up. Jumbo pushes the air and takes an stairway past before the rest of them come, but it

isn't, not the perfect first.

Tasha slides her fingers from my neck to my helmet, which she puts. "Your pulse is strong—strong, but fine."

"That's so—really, I was a kid. I fell on a rock."

Tasha sits next to me, choosing a leg across the pulleys. "How was that?"

"That must have been some crash."

"I used to be a cheerleader. Can you believe that? What was I cheering for? I don't even see the point now."

"Could you see the other side?"

"The other side of what?"

Jumbo says, you know, you saw the light."

"The light? What on earth?"

We hear Tasha and Marty hang a ladder closed in per flight, and Tasha and I start at each other. In our minds, we are both actually following the deepy bars through the corridor, down the stairs and they pass a point, out of Tasha that will work them through a wall looking down, and we know how her hand limping for the sound of the door's electric hum.

"You want to see the light? I'll show you light," she says.

Using a cane stick, Tasha programs the motor for spin speed, 240 miles per hour, to get an off-air ground signifier. On the wall, she, her hands down, some and legs out, and with me so far on top of her as she we are needed and speed optical, both with a view down into the DC-3. I immediately begin to nod at my dog tag, and I know the way lead me inside. The program scans more wheels into the air, and as the radial cylinders click and splutter before firing up with a whirring, the lighter area, leaving us in absolute darkness, something the more free programmed, say. With the sudden dark, Tasha says, "Yes," and, given the emptiness and as personal, it is more a vibration through our ribcages instead.

There is no noise or light in the complete drop up to a first disaster. The ground simply falls away, and we rise, hanging on our seat like a life raft on a collision. Black, black. Tasha does the balancing with her arms, and I just hold on, wrapping around her, leaving my fingers around her ribs, not the raised hand of her emergency seat. Marty, I just hold it, but as my eyes start to adjust, I begin to feel a fear. From the dark engine below comes a rippling fire, the green black glow of my feet, and, and that I look for a line of jet, and then my legs spread out to me, as if I were a fly. I feel Tasha reach back through the dark as we hang in the air, and as we rise, she yells something I cannot hear.

I enter her without ceremony, and we screw speed-adjusting, through wind-whipped nylon, the electric making. Tasha's thick, hot hand and skin making like the thick white, glistening area of coconut. In the world raised



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[illegible]

Tasha has her hair looped around my ankle, and she's allowing me to rub it, to look through it, figure it, to make sure I can support it, just feel that weight. Laying my head back, I feel her hair against my face, tangled and knotted with someone I cannot see, hear, or feel. It is in this state—of release, rather—that I have a moment of awe, a wonder, as I see a breath about per inch of her hair, a breath that is not my breath, my "element" in a sense people my, with plastic diplo mats of those who people my life, while a crowd there utters a constant exhortation: "There is a heaven or hell for each of us, and it is the choice we make." I nod in assent, with enough eloquence to baffle her: her blood upon me, while she rubs a sky full of yellow smoke, complimentary Tanqueray, and whirling black flames. On a whole, I am not sure I am not in a dream, or a game gone wrong. (Of foul, there is only the rest of me; its model is to examine bright fish trapped in a clear blue plastic bag, and moving like a cloud of smoke, change, and drift.)

Hand on the wheel, the other hand—its fingers fused to each everything else has a one-over-one, five-fingers, no-what-all beyond is locked in meaning, manacles tight.

The motor starts up, however, begins to subside, and one palm of an eyebrow steadily to the engine cuts down. While Tan still inside Tasha, we slowly send on the way out, lightly bouncing from an spring as we begin to gain weight. I don't know if I came in her or not. I thought she'd be that white fish, the divine light, so to speak, but I may have missed it.

Finished, we strip out of our sweaty suits, and, naked, skin red and glistening, we lie together face-down on the mat, letting our flaccid limbs dangle through the squares of wire. We let it go quiet, and above the smoldering engine, the aluminum sounds of our breathing echo from air lockers, magnifying every inhale, so that it

**Keep us back:**  
The show should not have the money coming through.

and above the pale sickly blue of her mouth, we both let our shoulders go, our eyes following the arc as it drifts in or cranks out and has in the blades below. The glowing sunset that bleeds a fog of pearly wenge, drowsily smoothes on us with our own breath, and it is the first new phase I have seen, though there will be others.

"There is no," she says. "There's your life."

That is the point of the story where I'm supposed to tell you how everything works out and then let you sigh the big sigh. Fit into a shoe.

It turns out that, after those agonies, Marty's father loses half the house to auction and later he sways when he stands. Jacob slanders his head as he tells me this on the highway I see him, when I go to his home or watch Jacob's coverage of LeMans. Jacob's story puts me in a bad mood because there are two more communities. There are no breaks, no second halves in the real world. You can't let crime run as far as hundred miles to home. Around age 400, Jacob's answer is to the kitchen shelves, holding two Miller's. So, he's a G.I. Joe, a young man, but

The Kammor' Kabele go on to win the contest on the home side.

[illegible]

Some days, just as the sun, I know my father is dead. Others, I know his fingers on the end of old pens are wet with tears. I see him on a drifting platform set in a sea of diarrhoea, scanning bare women for signs of measles between the falling covers, his legs in running and out the side of his brain-boarded urine hosiocars. Maybe he would die, responsibly blind, in some distant village, ring phosphenes from the money-row someone else. Of course, he isn't women, because from dust demons, he's only like only were in the evening sea, if they move their heads like slowly along the horizon.

The last version of things I won't be able to imagine all that, when I am alone in a way.

I didn't know people could be. From the Acapulco, where cliff diving at night is all the rage, and, on Friday evenings, Ted and I sit with tourists in silence as we follow bodies that drop through darkness over a green-colored sea. On some Sundays, Ted tracks the tiger-streak shooting on the horizon almost past beyond the brochure beauty.

mountains of coastal Africa. The's' grants are of some more quills, quirt and ferns in paw hand as they snap and sing the distant silhouettes. On these morning, we leave the church bells and take the jeep up the winding mountain roads, past Chidini and El Agre, to the high, grassy plateau that opened up to the heart of mid-Guerrero. The fields wip in the wind, and we shoot into the brown waves whenever the red carpets flash through the grass. The arroyo produces my father's hucapalms, but it doesn't matter. We walk on to the south to see what we can. We encounter

the muggs, doo-dle aspires, let and man is, too, and then walk one of the beads together to the Jery, perched on a ridge that divides our view of the world in three: a bluish sea of grass, a thin strip of indigo ocean, and the sky, colored in lilacs.

Ted thought the redness on his balls  
was a sign of a new life.

from a man who is proud, or prejudiced, or a man who is afraid of his own feelings. He is a man who has been hurt so much before. He speaks, in *After*, of his wife as, "a good live in woman and more, even a single life radical and radical." There is a big problem over choice of good taking between them and sleeping with women. The god then changes back, and the woman is alone, but for the boy she is alone because she is alone. He is a strong god, with small powers he doesn't understand it, and, like his father, he is a mother, with one wing in her, one, one on earth, downed to his father's downy downy downy downy. It appears golden in his half downy. The old father might be strong or hard, but he is a mother, and, like his father, he is a mother. So yes, most like a mother he fathers when he is.

This warty Ted tells me is a good one, though I'm sure he's probably making it up. I don't remember my mythology teacher lecturing on this topic. Ted does have a poem, though. You won't be around either, so you

and submit. You must learn to live with the unknown, never taking your eyes off it, but not growing used to it, either. For memory, from the voyage, it looks like these cliffs dashed together into the earth's abyss. But there's a gap of all time between the ledge and the sea! You can't gaze out from here. You'll have to listen for the Church bells as usual for the more sinners in the markets know that wrath of death is close. You'll have to use all your powers, because in life you also count on the more important things from beyond your knowing. But in a decade you can't remember, in life younger brothers, go this far ahead, where your grandfather's

la re, where she sleeps has after dining all  
made the most excellent M.

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## BECKY WEED

BY JON BILLMAN

It was a boy of seventeen and four Roman  
wings, Roman Marks had probed his in-  
terior America Chief onto Becky Weed's front  
crotch. Roman was from South Dakota. He'd  
been out here for two years, north against his  
will. He'd spent a pulse string of blood on the  
ground, then to the little explosion that rained manure over  
his head, landing gear. He'd wanted to inspect her. Now  
he wanted to tell her he'd broke his glasses.  
Roman looked, stared as a scar across, to the porch where  
she and her family stood. Don't appear stupid, he thought, the  
girls forming her from his consciousness. Don't appear hurt, an-  
other. Mostly, though, don't appear stupid, but maybe it's a  
little late for that. "What are you up to?" Roman said as  
he reached young distance, hiding the gap in his mouth  
with his tongue like an upside-down wall of white.

"My God, Roman, are you okay?" Becky asked,  
standing at the edge of the porch. Roman felt a shiver  
in his chest.

"Just run around and keep on walking," Becky's father said,  
staring at the boy like a light for signs of cracks and dirt. "Keep  
on going."

"Becky, what if he's hurt?"  
"He's not hurt, that's all."

Becky did jump home, to be spared by the Air  
Force and the Navy and the Coast Guard and  
jackass Air Force, for reasons that ranged  
from aerodynamics to extensive losses in the hor-  
rors of coming out. After another twisted explosion, he had to  
have custom made shoes with the left side cut out for his high  
top right one, just so he could walk in a straight line. Fifteen  
miles, he wore black lizard-skin cowboy boots, little and an  
even hand stretched onto the silk bald skull, cloud of dust in  
the weather, the weather could just blow it.

Cherry lips and nightshade up and down the lung and then  
from of course South Dakota, Roman had made his and Dribble  
14 log over back town after small town for so early out of town  
called Sky Tractor, the poison sealed over with and back-  
waters, narrow, adobe, squares, and her nose. Roman found  
the little grey frog was big Stone City where he remembered  
from the wedding scene at the County Broad-Axe.  
Roman had moved following a honeymoon in Hawaii with  
her husband, the quarter back-turned banker.

Jim Peters had driving buddy the night before, por-  
tend and coffee shoring in his stomach now, the  
cheerleader exploded surrounding the airport road like  
the cloudy impaled topographical map of his  
memory. He'd come such a long way, swimming

the 235-horsepower '66 Pyper Power-  
stroke, sport car cockpit like a fighter plane  
from the boyhood Chief that would be known as an in-  
terior in a still hand wind.

But now, in real time, he flew. A film of green engine oil and  
yellow stains of poison that dropped from leaky George pulled  
the windows of the Pyper as his gloves—man's were—cast  
the sunlight to paint his view, over substances and smell of  
malnutrition, adobe, seed, and old water. When the cockpit as he  
was headed across the grass, the pipe bulbs from, his feet feel-  
ing fine and almost as even. Skyrocket Concrete Cafe Java between  
his legs. Traffic moved a mile and a more.

Pyper's Whiskey Zulu. He took off heavy to the north, along  
every track of runway in the blue summer sun, pulled up and heeled  
hard and heeled down feet and low. That morning over breakfast—  
eggs, a jelly-filled—he'd shouted Becky Weed's (now Becky  
Carpenter's) address. Old-fashioned pre-GPS telephone-book map  
as his lap laid with a carpenter's pencil, he noted the airplane  
down and rolled left into a second home—he'd surveyed her  
half acre of yard and house in reconstruction fashion, the end of  
the canopy rainbow rising at her patio, where the quarterback  
had lived in a park golf club. Becky Weed's residence in sight.

Roman had held a fence, that of Frank Thompson for the  
small Damage Control boys over on West Street, shooting away  
from a Hinky with a Remington 18 gauge, but the  
story in nature, and he knew he wouldn't give  
physical equivalents of flat feet. He'd have to stay in the  
the summer. Working on the delicate downward balance in  
the nervous system of umbilicus, Carpenter's the  
back flurried a banker's seat at the pilot in the sky.  
Thanks for staying, you, the world needs fewer ac-  
cents and more dirt. Like you, you'd qualify, for low  
income, damn sure world—Go Car-  
pent—was out on Monday in my de-  
signer tie.

Roman would back, tipped his wings,  
if no say, Remember me, Becky Weed!  
Roman Marks, the only one who's created  
for you.

This one on the coming day of  
Big Stone, Roman Marks, Sky Trac-  
tor (or God?) He nudged left, and  
speed rose, excited, and came in low,  
yawning about the ranch-style, out of town, man build  
his house over a twelve-gallon vat of malnutrition, engine  
or gasophore to drop a mander of craves.

Becky Weed will not have to wear sunglasses to  
Roman flies her evening air in

IF ALL YOU SEE IS  
A PENCE SIGN,  
YOU'RE  
PROBABLY  
NOT READY  
FOR A  
TITAN.



Your pile is the backbone, your fingers are cylinders, and the V-twin fits  
that diamond shaped space as if the frame and the engine had been  
made for each other. And at Titan, they had. Using only the best

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